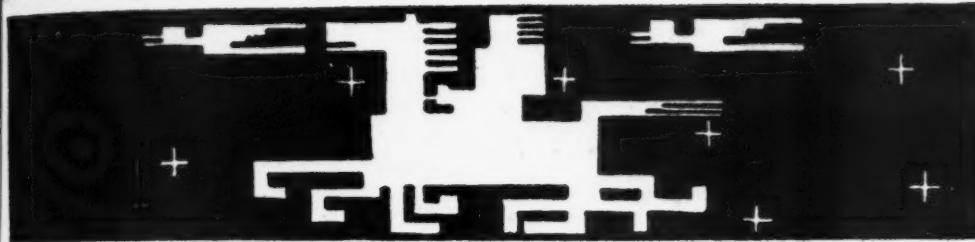


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THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME XXXI

DECEMBER, 1943

NUMBER 4

Sweden Looks to the Post-War World

BY WOLLMAR F. BOSTRÖM
Minister from Sweden to the United States

THE WAR now raging is usually called the Second World War, but it is debatable whether, strictly speaking, it is not the first war in history really deserving the name. In any case, it is certain that never before have so many nations been involved, and never before has a war affected so many parts of the earth's surface.

Even in this war, however, a few countries have been fortunate enough to be able to remain outside the conflict. Among them is Sweden—the only one of the Northern states. But that does not mean that Sweden has not been affected by the war and its almost innumerable consequences. As a matter of fact, it may be said that in some respects Sweden has been affected more than certain of the nations directly involved in the struggle. Acts of war have taken place, one might say, within sight of our borders, foreign war planes have flown over Swedish territory, and scores of them have been shot down by Swedish anti-aircraft batteries or Swedish pursuit planes. Foreign bombs have landed on Swedish soil; Swedish merchant ships have been sunk in Swedish waters, and one Swedish submarine has been lost due to foreign mines placed inside the limits of Swedish territorial waters.

But beyond these episodes which, thanks to our military preparedness, have remained episodes, the Swedish people have to a still greater degree been given a taste of the effects of war. For almost four years they have carried a burden of preparedness for war which only recently has been equaled by that borne by several of the belligerent countries. Furthermore, Sweden's economic life has been subjected to severe

strains. For some time our people have had to contend with ration restrictions greatly exceeding in severity those which the average man in this country and in Latin America has so far had to face.

And then on top of all this—perhaps the most difficult test of all—has been the daily necessity of upholding steadfastly the national ideals of liberty, the principles of justice, and the people's spiritual integrity.

The war is not yet over, and no one knows with certainty whether it will be possible for Sweden to reach the end of it with her neutrality, her peace and independence, still intact. It may, therefore, seem premature to speak of Sweden's views of post-war problems or of her plans for the future. But by now the lesson must have been learned by all of us that it is dangerous for a country to be unprepared when great changes impend. If in peacetime it is necessary to be prepared for war, is it not equally important in wartime to get ready, as far as time and energy permit, for the problems of peace? It has even been said that war itself, with all its horrors, confronts the nations and their leaders with far less complicated problems than those that usually follow when hostilities are over.

In any event, it has been decided in Sweden that the time is at hand for a thorough study of the political, economic, and social problems which are sure to confront governments, as well as private citizens, as soon as the fires of war in Europe have been put out. By virtue of a joint decision of the Swedish Government and Riksdag a large committee, or rather a whole group of committees, was appointed last summer to study and, as soon as possible, to recommend ways and means of restoring to a peacetime basis with the least possible friction the economic life of the country which has been radically changed and in many cases thoroughly disrupted by the war.

These problems are, of course, in no respect peculiar to Sweden. They include, for instance, a change-over of the war industries to the production of peacetime goods; the provision of work and support for the large number of young men who have been permanently or temporarily called up for service; the closing down of such industries or enterprises as have been engaged in the manufacture of articles used to replace those normally imported. Many such changes in Swedish production have been required by the war. Since many essential lines of goods have no longer been obtainable from abroad, it has been necessary to manufacture domestic substitutes regardless of the fact that these have in many cases been much more expensive than those usually imported. At the same time, owing to greatly increased foreign prices and freight costs, there has been a decided rise in the prices of many articles, which, in spite of the war, it has still been possible to import.

Even if the supervision of prices has succeeded to a considerable extent in moderating the effect of these changes in the price structure, it will not be easy, once imports are again available, to restore the balance between costs and prices in such a way that a deflation crisis, with its accompanying cessation of production, violent shifts in prices, and unemployment, can be avoided.

As in all other countries, the employment problem will be the most difficult to solve. The great masses of people have seen that, during a war or preparation for war, it has been possible for the public authorities to provide every one, or practically every one, with work and a livelihood of some sort. No doctrines or theories of any kind will be able to induce them to refrain from demanding that in peacetime, too, employment and a fairly assured livelihood be provided for them.

What is now under way is, therefore, a general stock-taking of Sweden's economic resources and production capacities and of the various methods by which this apparatus can be kept going when peace has once been restored.

Almost every peace problem has, however, an international aspect—a fact that is particularly evident in a country like Sweden whose entire material existence depends, in the long run, on the opportunity to trade with the rest of the world. From this it follows that Swedish experts watch with the closest possible attention the planning for the future which has been begun by the United Nations. Obviously, Sweden is prepared both to adjust her own plans to the projects launched by them and also to contribute in any way she is able to the solution of international problems. That in so doing Sweden is anxious to maintain her own rights and protect her own interests, I need hardly mention.

The planning that is now being done in Sweden bears the distinct stamp of modern Swedish democracy. As has been done in the case of the emergency wartime administration in Sweden, the planning for the future is based on close cooperation among the Government agencies, the country's business associations, and the great popular organizations of manual as well as office workers, farmers, consumers, or whatever they may be. Even before the war, it was believed in various parts of the world that there was something characteristic of Sweden and of the other Northern countries in the mixture of public and private enterprise which in those countries made democracy work. A distinctive feature of this system was the close cooperation between public and private institutions. This cooperation has been further established and deepened since the war began.

We have reason to believe that this Swedish democracy will be able to achieve further development along these lines. The strong feeling of

national unity which has been the most fundamental reason why Sweden has been able so far to maintain its independence must have made a permanent impression on the country's public mind. Not the least important aspect of this process must have been the fact that every Swedish man and woman has in this way become aware, perhaps for the first time, of the most fundamental principles of democracy, such as the basic concepts of individual liberty, the sanctity of law, and the right to social justice which constitute the very essence of the Swedish fatherland. The basis of our existence as a free, democratic nation has been made stronger by the heavy external pressure. The common sharing of fundamental ideals which is an essential prerequisite of democracy, if it is to function without corroding internal conflicts, has been accepted as never before. In the midst of a totalitarian Europe, the Swedish people have maintained their democratic form of government; general elections have been held in due order both in 1940 and 1942. The social welfare system we built up during the decades before the war has been kept up and, in some respects, expanded. In order to devote a great proportion of the national production—at least one third—to rearmament and the support of the men under arms, a corresponding reduction in the general standard of living has been unavoidable. But it has been accepted by the nation as a whole and without discord among the various social classes—a test of maturity which speaks well for the capacity of democracy to serve as a form of national organization.

This being the case, it makes little difference what course internal political developments take after the war. In Sweden there has been much discussion concerning the advisability of continuing with a permanent coalition Government in order that the leading parties may all be represented in the executive branch, as they have been during the war. But it appears that in all parties there is today a majority opinion in favor of a return to the traditional form of parliamentary government, including a certain partisan slant in the executive department, counterbalanced by a watchful Opposition. Most people seem to prefer that solution as being more likely to preserve the right to free discussion and civic vigilance which are the breath of life to democracy.

At times it seems to me as if it were these last-named things which in Sweden make us most contented and, I might add, humbly grateful. In any case, we have so far been allowed to keep and develop a democratic form of government which has grown slowly for many centuries; a state of free citizens is still a living reality in Sweden. In view of the destruction, brutal oppression, and endless misery which the war has visited on most of the countries in unhappy Europe, there will not be

many states left when the struggle is over about which the same can be said. It is, in fact, difficult to foresee what vitality democracy will retain in Europe after the war is finished. It can well be imagined that even those who have been the victims of the dictatorships will themselves prove to have been deeply impressed by their former overlords' methods of government, their contempt for the rights of others, their lack of consideration, and their fanaticism. Certain it is that in a number of countries the social bonds have been so loosened that the faith in a common nationality has been seriously undermined. In such a situation it might be of some importance that a country like Sweden will have been able, even during the post-war trials, to make democracy work.

Let no one believe, however, that the Swedish people take refuge in the comfortable idea that if they can only attend to their own business and see to it that the principles of popular government function to some extent in their own country, they will thereby have completed their contribution to the post-war rehabilitation of the world. In no wise have the Swedes concealed their opinions and emotions in the battle of ideas with which this war has been so largely involved. While our policy has been one of neutrality, we have preserved our right to our own sympathies and dislikes—"and so have we who are members of the Government," said the Minister of National Defense, Per Edvin Sköld, in an address on September 26 this year. Neutrality has been the only way to preserve our country's liberty and independence, the circumstances before and during the war having been what they were. But within the limits of what has been possible, the Swedish people have done what they could to express their feelings in action and to aid the victims of disaster. At this point I will only mention the assistance we gave to Finland during the Winter War in 1939-40, and the charitable aid we have given, both then and later, to our sorely afflicted brother country.

In the same way we have tried to assist our Norwegian brothers. We have received close to 20,000 refugees and in various ways we have tried to help the Norwegians still in Norway. Within a year, almost four and a half million dollars have been contributed voluntarily by the Swedish people for this purpose. That the aid has not been more extensive has not been our fault. The occupying power and its native henchmen have placed innumerable obstacles in the way of such assistance from Sweden as might otherwise have been rendered. It ought to be added that Swedish aid for Norway has been given in close cooperation with the legal Norwegian Government and that the care of the Norwegian refugees in Sweden, which has been wholly financed by the Norwegian Government, is being administered through intimate and confidential relations between the Norwegian and Swedish authorities.

Recently we have had an opportunity to extend a helping hand to our Danish brothers, thousands of them, the majority being of Jewish extraction. As far as resources and circumstances have permitted, the people of Sweden have tried to give aid to the children and the aged in Belgium, France, and other countries. Thanks to Swedish initiative and Swedish ships, the great relief action in Greece has been carried out under joint Swedish-Swiss auspices and responsibility—an action which has not only saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of Greeks but has also yielded invaluable experience for the relief and rehabilitation work which is now being prepared on an enormously larger scale for practically all of Europe.

The Swedish people have not felt that the aid they have so far been able to render has been enough. For some time a steady stream of proposals has been submitted to the Government by individual citizens, societies, and organizations to make sure that Sweden would be ready in time with a worth while contribution to the aid and support of countries stricken by the war. When the Riksdag met in January 1943 a whole series of bills for this purpose was submitted by individual legislators. During the spring and summer this stream of proposals swelled still further until the resolutions became a genuine popular movement, which expressed itself most decisively when, at the end of September, a deputation representing over sixty different national organizations delivered to the Government a project for an early planning of Swedish aid on a large scale to be given as soon as external circumstances would permit. This deputation represented practically the entire Swedish nation, workers, employers, farmers, businessmen, religious bodies, women's organizations, youth movements, consumers cooperative societies, and so forth. And beyond a shadow of doubt they expressed the true will of the Swedish people. Their request was answered on October 18 when the Riksdag met for its fall session and the Government informed it that a special commission would soon be appointed for the planning of Sweden's share in the post-war international relief and rehabilitation work and world reconstruction in general, and, further, that for this work the Government asked the Riksdag for a preliminary appropriation of 100,000,000 kronor or \$25,000,000—a considerable amount for a country the size of Sweden. In its statement to the Riksdag the Government declared its conviction that this proposition was in accordance with the declared wishes of the Swedish people, and expressed the general feeling that a country like Sweden, which so far had been spared the devastation of war, ought to make a substantial contribution toward world reconstruction.

In accordance with the proposal of the deputation already mentioned

and the spirited public discussion throughout the country, the Government further advised the Riksdag that Sweden's aid ought in the first instance to be applied to the neighboring Northern countries, in view of the special bonds which united them with Sweden as well as the fact that Sweden's geographical position facilitated a speedy delivery of aid to them. The Government also expressly stated that in addition Sweden wished to contribute to the aid that will be given other European countries ravaged by war.

I shall not here go into details regarding this plan for relief and rehabilitation. I shall only add in reference to my Government's statement to the Riksdag that the extent of this aid will naturally depend on the opportunities we shall have to provide for our own needs. At the present time Sweden is not a country with any great reserves or extensive sources of supply, but there are certain goods held in reserve, which we have had to store up in order to be able to survive in our blockaded situation, for use in case we should be involved in the war or be completely isolated in one way or another. Such stores could perhaps be used for speedy relief immediately after the cessation of hostilities. Likewise, it should be borne in mind that Sweden has a relatively intact production apparatus which could quickly be set in motion for the most urgent aid to neighboring countries and others, provided the required raw materials are made available. Finally, we have a not inconsiderable amount of newly constructed shipping which, because of the blockade, is now for the most part laid up in Swedish ports. To the extent that these ships are not required for the supply of our own most vital needs, they could be employed for the relief of other countries as soon as external circumstances permit.

Clearly the Swedish Government took this step not merely to satisfy an earnest public opinion. It also desired to begin preparations for Swedish participation in the international activities for the same purpose on a much larger scale. It cannot be said of us that we have been sitting with our arms crossed waiting for foreign ideas and projects. Sweden, like its Northern neighbors, has strong humanitarian traditions handed down from previous wars when we were all in a more fortunate position. Of these traditions we are proud, and the present generation is prepared to continue them.

How does Sweden judge her situation in regard to the future? What hopes do the Swedish people entertain concerning their continued existence among great and small nations? Such questions are often asked of me and other Swedish representatives in America, and they become all the more natural as the debate about the world's future organization becomes more and more lively. No one can expect me to

make a full reply. The war is still going on both in Europe and other parts of the world. It is still not beyond the realm of possibility that the torch of war may again be thrown across Scandinavia. No one can yet say with absolute certainty how the war is going to end.

One can only imagine certain possible situations and build one's assumptions on them.

I have already stated that when Sweden is now planning her post-war economic activities, she does so with the clearest possible understanding of how closely her problems are connected with those of an international character. In reference to one of these, that of participation in world reconstruction, I have already mentioned that the Swedish people and the Swedish Government consider it a matter of course that, in the first instance, we pay attention to our Northern neighbors. Both these observations involve two just as clear-cut considerations: Sweden cannot judge her own future except in relation to the widest possible international perspective. At the same time, natural interest and strong emotional reasons bid us think in terms of the North.

To an outside observer this might not seem so self-evident. He might possibly conclude that if, thanks to a continued policy of neutrality, it shall have been possible for Sweden to emerge after the war with its freedom and independence intact, this would probably produce a strong isolationist sentiment in the country. The Swedes might say to themselves that this policy was good enough for the future, too.

There are, of course, people in Sweden who reason thus. But if I have judged correctly the line of thought in my country, as it appears from statements by responsible leaders and organs of public opinion in general, such an isolationist attitude is far from dominant.

There certainly is in Sweden today a very strong feeling that, in the last instance, a nation's continued existence depends on its own will to live and its ability in extreme necessity to put to use all its resources for an armed defense. After many decades of political quarrels over the question whether a small country like Sweden ought to have a first-class military defense, complete unity on that subject has been attained during the present war. Everybody in Sweden is now convinced that without the strong defense system which we now have, we probably would have shared the fate that has been inflicted on so many other European states, both great and small. And this conviction will not vanish right away.

At the same time the Swedes have been awakened in the rudest possible way to the fact that for many centuries their situation has never been so exposed to danger as now. Neither we nor our neighbors were able to foresee that the North was to be involved as it was in the

game of Great Power polities. When our illusions in regard to a relatively secluded situation on the margin of the field of action of such power polities had been brutally shattered, we stood there as we did, not one of us in a position to say that he had done everything in his power to protect himself and still less to make justified demands for aid from his neighbors.

This is what seems to me to have made such a deep impression on the Swedish people. Innumerable Swedes now say to themselves: It must not happen again. To that ought to be added the deep feeling of solidarity with the rest of the North, based on a century-old cultural community, a common system of law, and common interests in regard to the rest of the world—a feeling that had been highly developed before 1939 but which had not had time to assume more definite political form.

In many places in Sweden, as well as in our neighboring countries, it has been said in reference to the more and more animated Swedish discussion of Northern cooperation that a Northern union or any other form of political cooperation cannot solve the problem of the Northern states. It has been said that, even if united, these countries would be only a group of small states with a population of at most 17,000,000, or in other words only a slightly larger small power. It has been said that in certain circumstances the situation of a member of such a group might possibly be more rather than less exposed to danger, because an attempt had been made to organize a united North. Attention has been called to the purely geographic difficulties in merging Denmark and Finland or Norway and Finland in the same political unit. All those things can, of course, be said. But the fact remains, as shown by this war, that a national disaster which strikes down any one of the Northern countries affects in a most fundamental way the situation of all the others. Our isolation from world politics, which lasted, at least as far as the Scandinavian peninsula was concerned, for over a hundred years, has been definitely ended, and it seems to me self-evident that, even if we together would constitute only a relatively small group, we nevertheless would have much greater freedom to decide our course and defend our interest if we unite than if each one remains alone.

More serious is the objection that a union of the Northern states would conflict with their membership and activities in a possible future international organization to preserve the peace of the world. I cannot possibly share this view. Sweden, like its neighbors of the North, was one of the states that most loyally contributed its full support to the League of Nations. There is no reason to assume that Sweden and the other Northern states would not be disposed to cooperate just as seriously in the future international organization now so much discussed.

Far from being an obstacle to a future support of such an organization by the Northern states, it seems to me that a union among them would increase their ability to make themselves heard and their contributions fruitful.

For the time being we deal in this realm only with plans and speculations. Both Norway and Denmark are still in the grip of a conquering invader and subject to an oppression which has deeply stirred us Swedes. "We sympathize with them spontaneously and inevitably, because they are our brother people. They are so close to us that every threat against their liberty and every act of oppression committed against them must affect us too," said our Foreign Minister, Christian E. Guenther, in an address on the Fourth of July this year. Just as firmly have our leading men, as well as private citizens of various occupations, expressed our feelings for Finland and our steadfast certainty that the Finnish people have the most firmly established right to continued freedom, independence, and future national security.

But as the Minister for Foreign Affairs also stated in the address just cited, the future cannot be discussed with equal freedom in all the Northern states as long as they remain in such widely different situations as at present. This being so, their views and perspectives must vary a good deal. Only when all the people of the North are once more free, will the time be ripe for a final discussion of our future relationship and a definite verdict.

In the meantime Sweden, like so many other small countries, gazes with apprehension toward the uncertain future. Our decision to defend our existence with every means at our disposal is irrevocable. No one's hopes can be higher than ours that the great world powers will be able to come to terms with each other and that, understanding the indivisibility of world peace, they will be able to establish a permanent and positive cooperation. But just as firm is our conviction that the peace of the world can never be made secure unless it is done with respect for the right of small nations to live. We know that in the future, as in the past, we can make contributions to the world's material progress and spiritual culture. In the Atlantic Charter Sweden, like other small nations, sees proof that even the greatest and most powerful states have this principle at heart.

Labor Relations

A Successful Swedish Formula

BY JAMES J. ROBBINS

HOW DOES IT COME that Sweden in recent years has been able to free itself to such a high degree from labor strife and industrial warfare? The key to the solution of this problem, paradoxically enough, lies in the fact that the Swedish people have not demanded, nor has their government attempted to impose by law, industrial peace in any absolute sense. Their goal has not been the banishment of conflict, nor their method the outlawing of work stoppages. Their method has been the very different one of partial moves toward the goal of orderly labor relations, extending over a number of decades. It has been a method of trial and error, and above all of sufficient compromise between the adversaries to forestall radical state intervention in the employer-employee relation. Neither side wants this.

The doctrinaire mind will find this an unsatisfactory way to resolve a profound social problem. Yet the record in Sweden indicates that it can be a fruitful method. The result, moreover, is one that harmonizes with the best traditions of constitutional government both in the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon countries. The solution is one that does not call upon the state to engulf the whole of the domestic economy, nor to busy its legislative and administrative agencies with the entire length and breadth of the labor problem. If this deliberate negation of statism leaves the voluntary organizations of the labor market with considerable powers of self-government which the state does not in fact exercise, it also comes out with an industrial vitality that is rooted to a large extent in the life of these various groups. Labor unions and employers' associations in Sweden share a keen sense of social responsibility that has been sharpened through active participation in the shaping of their own economic and political destinies. There is, in short, a pattern of official restraint in the Swedish government of labor relations that is in some respects unique; and it is one that works, not because the state's officialdom leaves to pure chance and the laws of nature the achievement of an orderly regime in labor relations, but rather because the parties themselves have rendered state intervention on a grand scale quite unnecessary. The price of this freedom is perhaps more than some Americans would have been willing to pay. It involves a high degree of unionism for employers and employees alike. It calls for the deliberate extension

of the practice of collective bargaining until the labor market is regulated substantially under the terms set down in thousands of collective labor agreements. And it requires the enforcement of these contracts by the judicial process if necessary. One must judge these measures by their results.

Yet if one looks to Sweden for the picture of complete industrial peace he will come away disappointed. Stoppages of work do occur, even in wartime, as the Statistical Yearbook honestly reveals. But the wartime conflicts have been few and isolated, and even before 1939 the figures show a declining rate of strikes and lockouts. Responsible leaders deplore stoppages in wartime. But no law prohibits the use of these sanctions. They can still be invoked, subject only to the statutory requirement, effective since 1935, that a stoppage of work must be preceded by seven days' notice to the other side and to the state mediator. Employers and workers alike appear to look with disfavor upon any attempt to outlaw economic sanctions such as the strike, the lockout, and the "blockade" or picketing. It is true that the use of these weapons in Sweden almost never involves violence of any kind. Nevertheless, they are regarded as instruments of self-help which are by no means obsolete. Always unconvinced by the case for a dictatorially imposed peace in the labor market with its overtones of worship at the altar of the State, they have preferred to face the fact that the interests of management and worker often do collide. The leaders on both sides have certainly given evidence of loyalty to the higher claims of national welfare, but it would be erroneous indeed to suppose that war has erased the basic contest between them for economic advantage.

When all this has been said, however, and when one has sufficiently guarded against the easy view that Sweden is the Arcadia of an industrial world torn by class conflict, the fact nevertheless remains that the experience of these people on the eastern shores of the Baltic belies the theory of totalitarian discipline as the condition precedent for industrial efficiency. It is clear that there has been a remarkable decline in the number and intensity of open conflicts, and that on the positive side there is a steady growth of responsible leadership which promises much for the future. The rigors of the present crisis have amply tested the soundness of the system that has been evolved for the government of labor relations.

The system is one that depends upon a complex substructure of private organizations. It is frequently said that the secret of labor peace in Sweden is the so-called "balance of power" between powerful labor unions and their federations on one side and employers' associations and their federations on the other. This hypothesis leaves much to be

desired. There are also powerful organizations of this kind in the United States, but there is neither unity of command nor a universal acceptance of the principle of collective bargaining. Had American employers joined forces forty years ago as did Swedish employers, it is arguable that they might have prepared a kind of balance of power as against organized labor. But Swedish employers joined forces not to destroy unionism. They adopted it as a basic method. They built their own unions, not as branches of trade associations, but as employers' unions frankly established to meet organized labor upon its own ground. Workers' and employers' unions and federations have amassed huge "war funds" for economic conflict. Prolonged conflicts have occurred from time to time, so that it is possible to calculate in advance about what the cost may be, should open conflict become the indicated strategy. But they are no longer combat units primarily. They are rivals certainly; but the smoke of battle is not very sulphurous. The day of the great generals has passed. The function of the federation executive and his staff becomes increasingly administrative. They are career men trained in the arts of industrial diplomacy and the intricacies of economics and industrial jurisprudence. Their job is one of negotiating collective labor agreements, counseling their members, aiding in the interpretation of the agreements, the correct procedures for executing them, and the appropriate alterations to be made upon renewal. In recent years, in times of war and depression, these organizations have assumed social responsibilities, their representatives often serving as members of specially created government boards and commissions. For the past decade and a half, moreover, the central federations of both employers' associations and labor unions have had statutory authority to nominate judges for the Labor Court who are then appointed by the Crown.



Amer. Swedish News Exchange
Gustaf Söderlund, Head of the Swedish Employers' Association

Organized labor and organized employers have thus passed through the stage of social warfare to a new and different relationship both with respect to each other and to the nation. In the annual negotiation of thousands of collective agreements they have perfected an elaborate procedure which ensures a high degree of certainty that open conflict will be avoided, while in the shaping of national social and economic policy they have assumed a rôle of well-nigh indispensable service. Yet they remain in law strictly private voluntary associations. They have been made no part of a "corporate state," a concept that finds a very cool reception in Sweden. They are not licensed by the state; they are not incorporated; nor are their internal affairs subject to the supervision of state auditors or inspectors. One hears nothing of mishandling of union funds, nor any hue and cry of dictatorship within the associations on either side. On the contrary there is an insistence upon meticulous adherence to regular procedures for the determination and execution of association policies, an indication, by the way, that the principle of constitutional government permeates the non-official as well as the official sectors of Swedish life.

Collective bargaining rests basically upon a clearly established right of association. The right to organize for purposes of self-help, and therefore to bargain collectively, has not for many years been the subject of public debate as it has in the United States. It is assumed to be a fundamental right of the citizen, is applicable to employers and workers alike, and has concrete expression in the terms of collective contracts as well as the language of the statute books. It was not until 1936 that the right to associate for the purpose of collective bargaining was thus given statutory expression; but the tardiness of legislative action is not to be explained by the fact that in 1936 these were debatable matters. They were no longer debatable at that date except as to the relatively small group of clerical and white-collar workers who now



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August Lindberg, Head of the Swedish
Federation of Labor

sought official support in their attempt to organize themselves as manual workers had done so successfully. The act of 1936 therefore gives statutory confirmation of a right that had won wide acceptance on a contractual basis over a period of some four or five decades. The Labor Court is sometimes asked to enforce this statutory right against the comparatively few remaining recalcitrant employers who have not been willing to go along with the major trend of the law in this respect. But cases involving the right of association are few. When they do arise, the Court does not hesitate to assess heavy damages when it finds that the right has been violated.

By far the greatest number of cases disposed of by the Labor Court concern the interpretation and enforcement of specific clauses of collective agreements with respect to the conditions of employment, such as wage rates, the classification of workers, the definition of jobs, the scope of management's power under the agreement, and the use of economic sanctions. In 1928, when the Labor Court was created, the Riksdag at the same time enacted a statute governing the nature and the enforceability of collective contracts. Since these contracts lay down in detail the employment conditions for more than a million workers, it will be seen that a clear juridical basis for their enforcement was a step forward. Before 1928 they were rarely enforced that way. Instead, the parties resorted to their own coercive tactics and sanctions. Neither side chose resort to the courts, partly because of the intolerable delays of the law, and partly because the courts were unprepared to deal as specialists with this new branch of emergent industrial jurisprudence.

The Labor Court has been on the whole quite successful in fulfilling the need of expeditious administration of justice in this area. Although it was at first opposed by organized labor, little criticism of its work is heard today from any quarter. Most of the cases are in fact initiated by the unions; they are not all disposed of in the union's favor, but it is significant that although organized labor and organized management are equally represented on the seven-judge bench, some two-thirds of the cases are decided unanimously. Only three of the judges are required to be "persons who cannot be considered to represent the interests either of employers or employees." The act carefully refrains from declaring that these three judges represent the "public." All the judges are supposed to represent the public interest in settling legal disputes within their jurisdiction. Their nomination from one side or the other undoubtedly gives both management and labor a sense of confidence in the outcome; but of greater importance is the fact that they have a special competence in this field of labor law and collective bargaining.

Only two of the whole number are required to "be learned in the law" and to have "had experience as judges."

The Labor Court has the powers of a regular borough court in addition to special powers conferred upon it by the act of 1928. Before it any party to a collective contract may be impleaded for alleged failure to carry out contractual obligations, and the Court may impose damages both upon the contracting association and an individual employer or employee as well. The contract entered into by an association is binding not only upon that association but also upon member associations (if the contracting association is a federation) and upon individuals who are members when the contract was made or become members during its term. In one case, a dissident group of workers had withdrawn from a contracting union, had formed a separate union, and had struck against the employer with whom the original union had made a collective agreement. They were held liable for damages to the employer. The Court has considerable discretion in the measurement of damages, except that the Act limits an individual employee's liability to 200 crowns in any case. Its discretion extends even to the exemption of a guilty party from liability for damages in view of extenuating circumstances.

The collective contract is regarded as a peace pact between the parties; statutory language commands the preservation of this peace and renders contracting parties liable for the breach of it. The parties are thus debarred from taking the enforcement of contractual obligations into their own hands by the threat of strike or lockout. Sanctions of this kind are outlawed until the agreement expires; nor are they allowable on the ground that the other side has been guilty of breach of contract. Such questions must be decided either by private negotiation between the parties as required by the arbitration provisions of the collective contract, or, if these remedies have been exhausted, by the Labor Court. And the decision of the Court is final, there being no appeal either on questions of fact or of law. The Court has decided many cases in which damages have been assessed against unions and their members, as well as employers, for having resorted illegally to the use of economic pressure to force through untenable interpretations of collective contracts or deviations from their provisions.

The Labor Court is obviously a tribunal of key importance in the whole structure of orderly labor relations. The presence of such a court leaves no doubt that collective labor agreements can be enforced by judicial action. Yet the Labor Court disposes of not more than about two hundred cases each year, and it is the sole tribunal with jurisdiction over such cases. Why do so few disputes reach its docket? The answer is that its jurisdiction is strictly limited to jural disputes, that is to say,

disputes involving questions of legal right. It has no authority whatever to act in controversies in which the parties are struggling over economic interests that cannot be adjusted by reference to statutory provisions or contractual clauses. When, for example, a union and an employer are attempting to negotiate a collective contract and are unable to come to terms, a strike or a lockout used as a weapon against the other side may conceivably entail great economic loss for that side. The Labor Court would decline to take jurisdiction of the cause unless there were already an unexpired enforceable pact between the disputants, or unless one of them were chargeable with violating the statutory right of association or the right to bargain collectively. When no legal issue is involved the dispute is regarded as a controversy over "interests" as distinguished from rights. Disputes over interests are clearly non-justiciable; the mode of settling such disputes in Sweden is to leave the matter to the parties concerned, to allow them to fight it out if they think it is worth the struggle. All the state will do in such disputes is to authorize its mediators to step into the picture, to call the disputants together, to urge them to settle peaceably, and to bring such moral suasion to bear as may be possible in the circumstances. The mediator has no power to compel arbitration; compulsory arbitration of these disputes over interests has been deliberately avoided, and no law requires it. The mediators are able men; the power of their prestige carries them far toward the successful solution of most of these disputes, and indeed there is a tendency to rely increasingly upon their intervention. Mediation, in fact, is the most important single method of settling labor disputes in Sweden today if one measures it in terms of the number and the far-reaching consequences of the controversies that arise.

When one turns, therefore, from that carefully delimited class of cases which the Labor Court has the authority to decide, to the much more extensive field of controversy over "interest disputes," it is at once obvious that the statutory law attempts to pacify with its command but a relatively small sector of the area in which disturbances are apt to arise. The effort of the state to pacify this limited sector, of course, has been undeniably successful. It is an area in which there are well established legal rules to guide the judges, and in which their only difficulty arises in a proper understanding of the facts of each case as it comes before them. But in the much more complicated sector of struggle over economic interests there are no clear legal guides to indicate the rights and obligations of the disputants. Who is to say, for example, that the unions would be beyond their rights in demanding an increase in wage rates to conform exactly with the rise of living costs as indicated by the cost-of-living index published quarterly by the Royal Social Board?

The "right" of the worker to a sliding scale of wages is at the most a non-legal right; it is nowhere defined by statute, and it does not arise except by contractual agreement. But economic sanctions might legally be used to establish such a contract. The resolution of the conflicting claims of labor and management in questions of this kind could conceivably be made a matter of legislation. In Sweden this has not been done. There can be no doubt of the constitutional power of the Riksdag to lay down a very extensive code to cover a vast number of conflicting interests. Wisely, the legislature has left these problems to be worked out by the parties themselves. Fortunately, for the preservation of the principle of nonintervention by the state in questions of this category, the parties have been quite successful to date in seeing the problem before them and in setting up the necessary procedures to meet it. It is a remarkable fact that four years of war have not effected any substantial change in the framework of labor legislation in Sweden; and the principal cause is that when the war broke, it found the organizations of the labor market mature enough to assume social responsibilities of a high order.

In the years preceding the war it had become evident that something must be done to minimize the number and extent of disputes over interests. The passage of the Collective Contracts Act in 1928, followed by the successful work of the Labor Court, had gone far toward regularizing the procedure for settling disputes over contractual matters. There remained the more difficult problem of achieving some kind of orderly disposition of controversies that arise between disputants who are bound by no contractual relation, including, of course, those disputes, often bitter and prolonged, over the making of collective contracts. The approach to a solution of this problem is found in the Saltsjöbaden conferences.

At Saltsjöbaden the representatives of the top organizations of labor and management worked out a Basic Agreement upon principles and procedures designed to forestall conflict of a serious nature in the future, especially as to certain sore points such as arbitrary dismissals, layoffs without notice, sympathetic strikes and lockouts, economic sanctions directed against neutral third parties, and the interruption of essential public services. The pact is a plan which will become operative only to the extent that it is formally adopted by the member associations of the top organizations or federations. The Basic Agreement was proposed to these associations four and a half years ago, and is gradually winning acceptance. It creates a Labor Market Board, a purely private forum jointly representative of the two top organizations, to act in part as a board of arbitration over interest disputes, and in part



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Meeting at Saltsjöbaden in 1938 where the Basic Agreement was Made. Presiding, J. Sigfrid Edström, to the Left Gustaf Söderlund, to the Right August Lindberg

as a referee in questions of dismissals and layoffs and in disputes affecting the public services or other functions essential to the general public welfare. Its findings in these latter issues will have to be referred to the various associations for enforcement. The Board has not, therefore, the power of enforcement of a Labor Court. Whether the voluntary basis for the settlement of disputes in this area will suffice remains to be seen; it is too early to judge the effectiveness of the Basic Agreement. But it marks a path in the direction that both employers and employees prefer to follow: collaboration through collective bargaining, as distinguished from command from above.

Similarly, in attacking the problem of inflation in wartime, the top organizations have assumed the responsibilities of leadership in the hope that sterner measures would not be required. In the first year of the war workers were restive when the time came for renewing collective agreements, fearing that unforeseen and unpredictable inflationary forces might effect a serious decline in real wages. It is probable that many large collective contracts could not have been renegotiated had it not been for the drafting of an index-wage agreement, later adopted by most of the contracting parties throughout the country, by which

the rise in living costs was to be partially compensated by wage supplements calculated on a sliding scale and based upon the quarterly index of living costs published by the Royal Social Board. In succeeding years the index-wage agreement has been redrafted and widely adopted, though with lower supplementary wage payments. The decline in real wages has been regarded as a justifiable sacrifice in times of acute national crisis, but it has been the more acceptable because it was the result of full deliberation by representatives of both sides.

It is inherent in the very nature of this way of approaching the problem of orderly labor relations that the thing is not done in totalitarian terms. Each experiment must make its own way; if it succeeds there will be solid ground for pushing on to the next step. It is a method of voluntary effort and gradual improvement. Such a method cannot be spectacular; but it can strengthen the fibers of the nation that is willing to pursue it.

How to fashion a system of labor relations that free men can live under in an economy that will survive is a riddle for all modern industrialized peoples. Every country must work out its own system in its own way; the gods will not endow it with an industrial jurisprudence full-blown. The Swedish way reminds one of Justice Holmes' observation that "the life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience." It gives a good deal of promise of surviving in a world strewn with many abandoned plans—some rather recent—that once glittered more splendidly.

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Gustav Vigeland

Creator of the Sculptural Park in Oslo

BY CECILIE GERNER

THE SCULPTOR Gustav Vigeland died in Oslo last spring in his seventy-fourth year. He was one of the foremost artists of our time, and yet his name is almost unknown outside of Norway. The reason is that for the past twenty-five or thirty years he has lived almost the life of a recluse, devoting all his time and energy to the working out of his gigantic sculptural project which at first was named the Fountain, but later the Vigeland Sculptural Park. He was not a familiar figure on the streets, and few people knew him by sight. Like Ibsen, who said he had no time for friends, Vigeland said he must use all his time, undisturbed, if he was to succeed in completing everything that his imagination projected on his inner vision.

I

Gustav Vigeland was born in 1869 in Mandal, the southernmost town of Norway. As a child he was always drawing and at sixteen he wanted to illustrate Dante. He followed the sea for a year, like so many Norwegian boys, but when he went ashore he knew he was going to be a sculptor. He was sent to Oslo to study, and afterwards spent years in Florence, Rome, Paris, London, and other art centers. He studied under no special teacher, always by himself, and said he used his eyes more than his hands. From the very first he drew on his own imagination, which was inexhaustible, creating his own forms and his own subjects. These were new and original and always expressed the deepest and most significant experiences in human life. Through the individuality of his subjects shone the universal—that which endures and changes not. And that is what gives his sculpture its imperishable quality.

Most of the subjects of Vigeland's early works were rather gloomy, as is indicated by the titles: *The Iliad*, *Damned*, *The Night*, *A Beggar*, *Longing*, *The Dance*, *Drunkards*, *Broken*, *Eros and Psyche*, *Woman Comforts Her Man*, and *Woman Sees Her Man Die*. Let me describe one of them. Everyone who has visited the National Gallery in Oslo has seen the colossal bronze relief which occupies a whole wall. It is called *Hell*. It is not the hell of orthodox theology, and it has evidently nothing to do with Dante's *Inferno*, though doubtless influenced by it. It is a deeply gripping epic of life itself by a modern

pessimist. The most prominent figure in the center of the relief, sitting on an elevation, is a lonely, pondering Satan, with his elbows on his knees and his cheeks in his hands, surrounded by a chaotic whirlpool of figures—the victims of all the powers hostile to life, after they have crossed the bridge of good intentions and realize their sins against life. There are more than two hundred figures in the relief, each one telling its own story. I have heard the comment that it was as if Vigeland had been releasing himself from his inherited dark religiosity and all the doubts which had tormented him.

Now followed some fertile years, and the preponderant subject of Vigeland's art became man and woman—love life—the mystery of sex, depicted in a long list of groups which he named simply *Man* and *Woman*. His figures are all nudes. They are often strikingly slim, almost lean of body, so that one can plainly see the skeleton anatomy through the skin. It is as if he greatly admired the balanced mechanism of the human body, which is so infinitely capable of different positions expressing soul and emotion. But his form always changes with his subjects. His art has also changed from the hectic heat of his youth to increased repose, a more beautiful and stronger classical style.

Yet Vigeland's imaginative art is not all of his work. His portrait busts are exceedingly characteristic. That which few can see in a face and which really is the essence of the individual he could call forth and build into a soul, a personality. Not in a single case has he made a portrait bust to order; he has chosen his sitter himself. He has modelled most of the outstanding men of Norway in his time. His Ibsen memorial head is like a jutting mountain cliff, the very image of concentration upon his inmost self. Björnson's head is seized in a moment of intense vigor, self-confidently poised upon a neck as strong as a bull's, radiating intellect and power. Garborg's brooding physiognomy with its haggard features and sorrowful eyes grip the beholder.

Vigeland has many works distributed in outdoor Oslo and other places. The most famous is the Abel monument, erected in 1908 in the Royal Park. It is a symbolic composition in memory of the young mathematical genius, Henrik Abel, who died when only twenty-seven years old. It represents the human genius mounting upwards, struggling and kicking down everybody and everything that obstructs its mounting. It aroused very heated discussions for a long time, some calling it Vigeland's most sublime work, others condemning it. Another monument in Oslo is that of Camilla Collett in the Park behind the Royal Palace. She stands, a frail little elderly woman blown about by the wind, a lace scarf over her head, her skirts swaying about her feet. She seems shivering with cold and is pulling her shawl tightly around

herself. What a perfect symbol of Camilla Collett! A beautiful and inspiring statue of Henrik Wergeland, tall and erect, with his face turned up towards heaven, stands in Kristiansand. A bronze copy of this monument was ordered by the Sons of Norway and erected in Fargo, North Dakota, which city also possesses a statue of President Teddy Roosevelt on horseback by Vigeland.

A huge statue in the Vigeland studio building which always attracts special attention is Egil Skallagrimsson—a formidable supersize representation of the viking holding aloft in his upstretched hands a decapitated horribly grinning horse's head, raised against his enemy King Erik Bloody-Axe as a "spite-pole," or token of his unrelenting hatred. This statue is said to be the only one made in the style and on the scale of the old sagas. A contrast is Vigeland's latest monument, erected in Oslo in 1939, of Ludvig Holberg with his famous characters, Henrik and Pernille, in miniature beside him on the pedestal, standing outside the National Theater and facing the University. At the Centennial of Beethoven's death, in Germany in 1927, Vigeland's marble head of the great musician on a tall socle was the only object on the podium. For many years the sculptor was at work on a series of figures for the Trondheim Cathedral.

II

During his visits to southern and central Europe Vigeland had seen that every town, large or small, had its fountain as a common meeting place, and a vision of a glorified Fountain at home in Oslo, where everybody could come and enjoy its beauty and symbolism, began to obsess him. For several years he worked on his sketches and models, until the fountain took final form in his mind: he would surround a rising Fountain with human beings—old and young—to tell their story of life and death, love and happiness, dreams and thoughts, sorrows and hates. This plan so fascinated him and caught his imagination that it became his principal ambition and lifework. From this Fountain developed the Sculptural Park.

In 1911 Vigeland first exhibited his plaster models of the Fountain, and it was instantly acclaimed as a great and glorious thing, with few dissenting voices. Public help was assured to have it cast in bronze, and the Eidsvold Plaza was thought of as a fitting place for it. But as Vigeland worked on his plans for the setting of the Fountain, new ideas developed in his mind, and it was realized that he would need much more room. It was decided that Oslo would give him all of Frogner Park for his project, and the city at the same time voted to erect a spacious mod-

ern studio for him, near Frogner Park, where he could work out his plans undisturbed.

And Vigeland took his time! For years he kept silent and said only that he was working. There were rumors of the new additions, but few people knew anything definite. Vigeland wanted to wait until he could present the whole plan complete. It was not until 1930 that he opened the doors to his studio and invited the Norwegian people to come and go through his working rooms and see his plans and models. And thousands came. Every day for weeks people stood in line to get in. Awed by the strange beauty and magnitude of his plaster and granite groups, the critics, some of them from foreign lands, vied with each other in paying the most glowing tributes to his art. The critic Laurence Binyon wrote: "We stepped within the mind of a genius at work. Here was vision, imagination, shaping will, which seizes the stuff of life to form it into reality. Utterly unlike most modern artists, he seems lost as in something greater than himself. Here is a born sculptor! The race of great creators is not exhausted—it lives in Gustav Vigeland! He is a tremendous artistic personality—a genius of the stature of Michelangelo."

The completed plan now revealed that, instead of only a Fountain, there would be a Sculptural Park Highway running east and west straight through the middle of Frogner Park, nearly one kilometer long and 300 feet wide. Four magnificent main sculptural groups were to be erected: the Bridge, the Fountain, the Terraces with Pools, and the Monolith, besides paved plazas, scores of monuments, and flower arrangements distributed all along the Highway. A large part of Frogner Park was to be landscaped and new roads, paths, and lawns, all bordered with uniform trees, were to be laid out so as to converge, as a natural enclosure or setting, on the Monolith at the central and highest point. As the terrain rises slightly, the whole length of the Highway can be seen from the main entrance.

The plan disclosed a project so stupendous that one man's lifetime would hardly seem long enough to accomplish it. The question naturally arose: Can a city, the size of Oslo, in a so-called poor little country, afford this? But someone said: "Can Oslo afford *not* to afford it?" The people of Oslo knew their time of visitation, and Vigeland was given carte blanche by the municipality to use whatever funds he needed to secure the assistance of artists and artisans to work out his plan under his direction. The budget was to be appropriated from year to year. For himself he had a small apartment on top of the studio building, and he fixed the very modest salary he was to draw "as a working man with the talent given him." In the Studio building the work has been carried on

unceasingly by a trained staff of stonecutters and other skilled workers. Ultimately the Studio will become the Vigeland Museum for housing the copies of all his works, as well as sketches and drawings.

The main entrance to the Sculptural Park is from Kirkeveien through five tall, slender, hand-wrought iron gates, strictly decorative in a precise style, rich with fantastic dragons and fabled monsters. An iron fence with the same motifs faces the street, while the other three sides of the park are bordered by close shrubbery. Inside the gates is a large open plaza, paved with smooth slabs, leading into smaller squares on both sides bordered by sculptural groups on twelve foot socles, representing men and women fighting with strange, terrible beasts. This collection seems to be the bridgehead leading onto the Bridge.

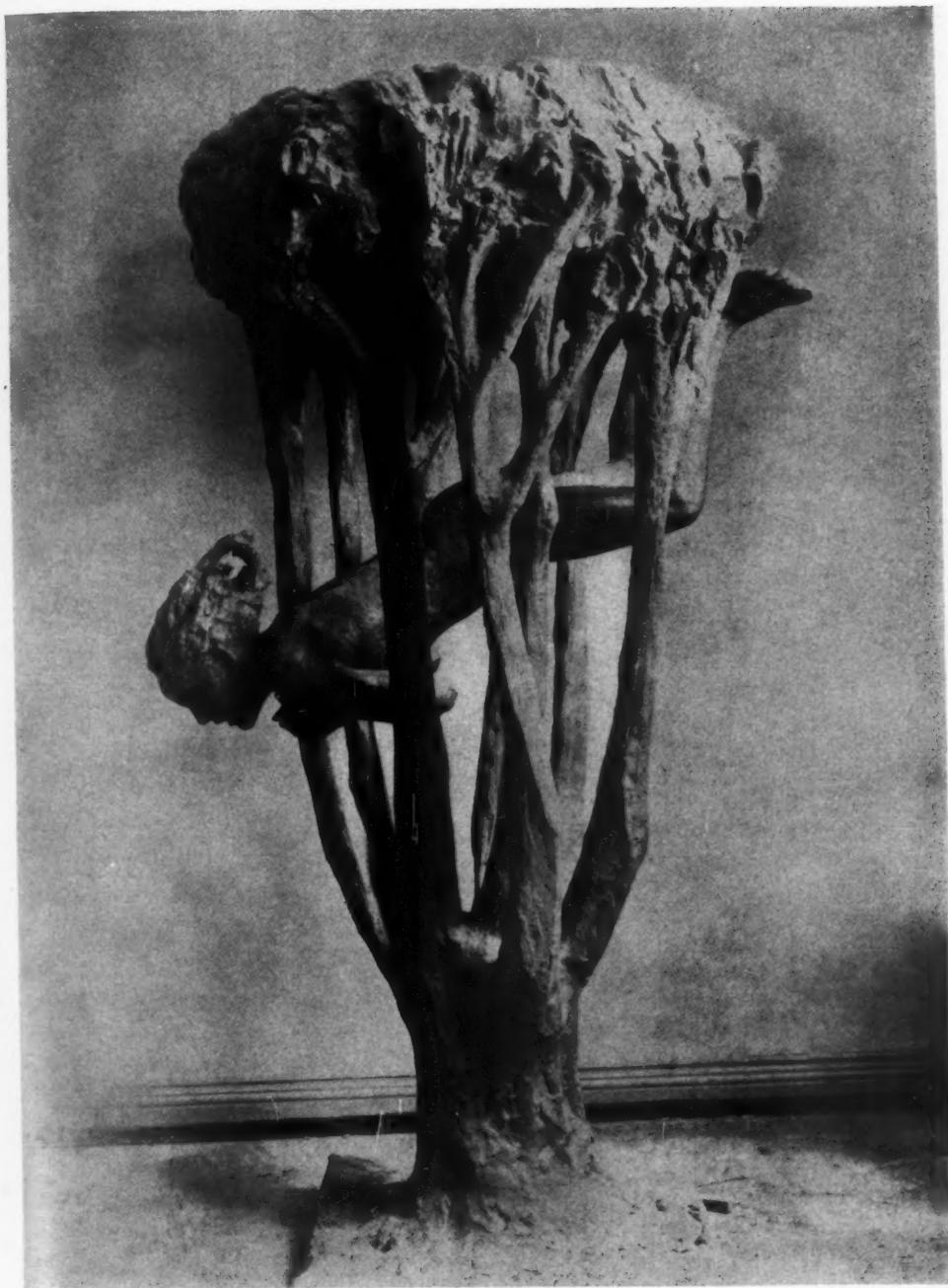
The stately granite Bridge over Frogner Pond with its massive granite railings is 300 feet long and 30 feet wide. On the railings are placed sixty-two life-size bronze groups or figures, thirty-one on each side, with tall, slender bronze lanterns between them. All the figures on the Bridge are strong, healthy people in the heyday of life. They have been called Vigeland's Song of Songs to Life—his representation of the cycle of human happiness. We see them dancing, playing, embracing! Fathers and mothers! Never has mother love been represented more beautifully. For instance, here is a young mother, rushing forward in the sun, lifting her child as high as her arms can reach, her hair streaming in the wind while the little one stretches his arms down to her. It is impossible to describe all; they are too many. But just one more: Big brother is standing, proud of his strength, lifting his little brother high up in the air, while the face of the child beams with delight and also a touch of fright, and to be safe he parks both of his feet right in the face of big brother! Of all the different subjects, love is predominant—young, innocent love, and happy, mature love. The keynote is joy of life, strength of life, love of mate, of children and home. While the bridge, like all the granite groups along the Highway, is of the grayish-white Norwegian granite from Idefjord by Halden, all the figures on the railing are cast in bronze. Below the Bridge, on a peninsula in the pond, Vigeland has planned an idyllic spot for small children, and there the playthings, the angels, the animals are all miniature. On a little elevation in the middle is a tiny, tiny child—resting—on its head. Surely it is the symbol of one who has not yet seen the light of day. I wonder if anybody before has ever dared to use this almost holy motif in his art. At the farther end of the Bridge, as at the entrance, two plazas in which men and women on tall socles fight evil monsters again form the bridgehead. What Vigeland has meant in placing these un-

happy people (and by the way, these have clothes on) at both ends of the Bridge with its happy people, we do not know. We can read our own meaning into them. Maybe, as a deepening shadow belongs in every picture, so the sad belongs to a full realization of all life.

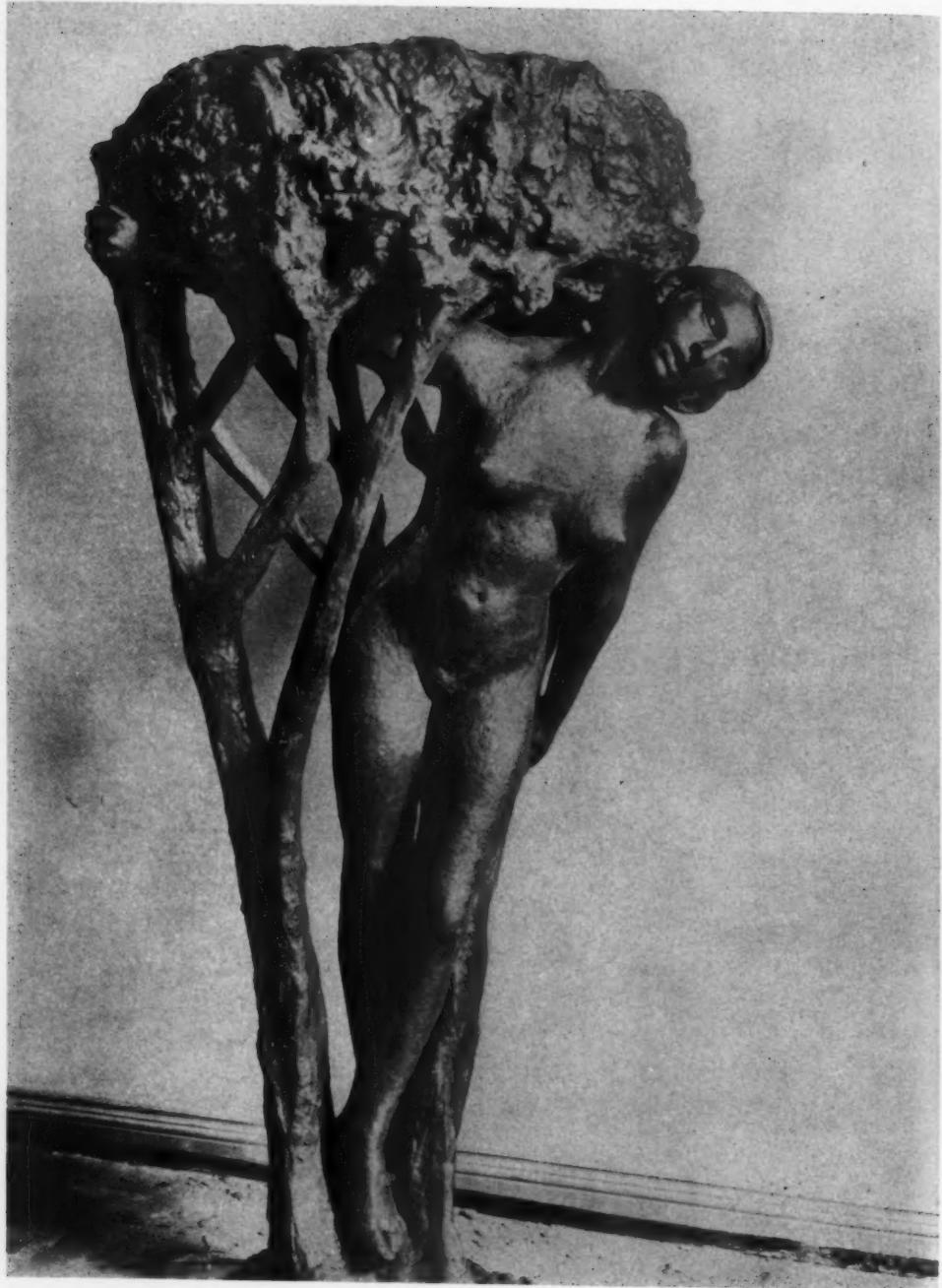
The next large object is the Fountain itself. In the middle of another extensive square, paved with beautiful inlaid mosaic in intricate patterns, it rises from a huge basin of granite with a massive, billowy railing. Eight supersize giants are holding aloft in their upstretched hands a large bowl from which the fountain proper gushes up. On the railing around the basin are placed twenty large, branching trees, the crowns of which form flat bowls for plants and hanging vines. Between the branches and on them are lifesize human figures—more than eighty of them—sitting, standing, climbing, leaning, creeping, singly or in groups, people in joy or in trouble, some in the grip of passionate emotion, others in quiet dreaming. They seem to express every phase of life. Loving couples embrace. Two young people are looking into each other's eyes, as if they wanted to explore each other's souls. Through one tree a young girl is gliding like a swallow. Under one tree Death lurks as a skeleton. An old man has his arms full of little children. Maybe he is telling them stories. Here is an old couple sitting close together, deep in memories.

All around the outside of the railing which encloses the Fountain are about sixty small reliefs like a picture book of life, of old and young, of the happy and the despairing. One of the last category will always be remembered: Two young lovers are on their knees embracing. Death is standing over them and is forcing his skeleton foot down between them, while at the same time he is pressing his cold elbows against their foreheads and with a horrible grin is trying to tear them apart. It would hardly be possible to picture death more cruel. One relief shows a mother and child lying drowned on the bottom of the sea, while curious little fishes are swimming around them!

Beyond the Fountain the ground again slowly rises. Green lawns follow with flower beds, and gleaming pools of clear water seem by their reflections to soften the severe lines of the three massive stone terraces on both sides, from which cascades of water flow down into the pools. Between the terraces is a wide, grand stairway. On this highest point in the landscape is a very large oval plateau paved with mosaic. In the middle of the plateau are six sets of curved steps, three steps in each set, forming a circle, on which there is again another upbuilding of steps. On each of the first eighteen steps are placed two heavy granite groups, thirty-six in all. Here are the big proportions, the compact heaviness, which has been seen before in some of Vigeland's statues. They are of



Around the Basin Are Twenty Large Branching Trees



The Crowns Form Flat Bowls for Plants



Among the Branches Are Lifesize Human Figures



On the Steps Are Heavy Granite Groups



Here Are the Big Proportions, the Compact Heaviness



Of Supernatural Size, Not Always Realistic

supernatural size and not always realistic, so they have attracted much attention and a good deal of criticism. But they seem to have a volume of latent force which is irresistible. We can say that they seem strange, when we first look at them, and that we do not like them, but the effect of what they are telling us is inescapable. These figures look almost like the art of the Persians and Assyrians with the strong simplification of form and the smooth surface treatment. When the figures are studied carefully, we discover the nobility of soul more manifest in them than in the beautiful classical sculptures on the Bridge where the erotic is more prominent. The subjects on the steps are again the same—human life, the whole scale over again, from the three little girls with their arms around each other, dancing along toward the sun, to the old man who is sitting quietly holding his old sleeping wife in his arms and bending over her.

It is from this magnificent stone world that the colossal Monolith rises, 70 feet high, solidly mounted on its rock foundation. It was a great undertaking to cut this stone, in one piece, out of the rock by the fjord and then transport it on two barges built for the purpose, up the

fjord to Oslo and through the streets to Frogner Park. The Monolith has already been in its place for several years, but it is enclosed in a regular tower of wooden planks where an inside circular stairway has been built for the workers who are doing the carving. Every speck of its surface from the broad foundation to its tapering top is to be covered with carved reliefs drawn by Vigeland, and the outside cover will not be removed until everything else in the Sculptural Park is ready. We know that the Monolith is to represent climbing humanity struggling upwards, one individual after the other, towards the light, the sun, or, if you will, heaven, in a passionate rhythm, from the slow cyclops on the steps to the individuals who have reached highest and with quivering nerves are stretching their hands up to the limit of their strength, some in faith, some in defiance! Everyone can here supply his own innermost thoughts as he stands reverently in front of this symbol of man's eternal longing and striving. The Monolith is the all-dominating climax of the whole Sculptural Park—like a violent and mighty concluding movement in a symphony.

Finally, as an appropriate and symbolic conclusion to all this profound sculpture, Vigeland has placed a beautiful sundial, toward the west where the sun, after having recorded time all day long, sinks slowly down—a lovely symbol of the end.

This is what Gustav Vigeland has offered to Norway and to the world, for his art belongs to the world. When the Sculptural Park is finished, Norway will be the possessor of one of the greatest outdoor art treasures in the world. Vigeland is said to have called it his *Via Humanis* and said that he hoped men and women would leave his Park happier than when they came in, happier in their own strength, in their children and in all of this life of ours on earth. And this is, after all, the greatest enrichment any art can give us.

* * *

Before his death Vigeland named those who should superintend the final arrangements of the Sculptural Park. He decreed that no changes were to be made in his plans. The Fountain was to have been erected and the Monolith uncovered in the summer of 1943, but owing to war conditions it may not have been done on schedule. The lower part of the tower of the Vigeland Museum is to be made into a mausoleum to hold the sculptor's ashes. This also is according to his wish.

Cecilie Gerner is a contributor to Norwegian-American papers, a resident of Chicago. She has for years been collecting material on Vigeland and last saw his work in 1939. Mrs. Gerner wrote this article immediately after the death of Vigeland, and it has been held by the REVIEW while we tried—unfortunately in vain—to get from Sweden some pictures of the groups more recently completed. Pictures of Vigeland's monuments of Abel, Camilla Collett, and Wergeland have from time to time been reproduced in the REVIEW.

Fredrik Paasche

In Memoriam

BY SIGRID UNDSET

IN THOSE WEEKS of April 1940, when our army fought its delaying action against overpowering odds all the way up through the valley of Gudbrandsdal, Fredrik Paasche with his wife and children, Dr. Anders Wyller, and I were behind the Norwegian lines. We did broadcasting from barns and attics, wrote for the newspapers that were still published in the unoccupied part of our country, did odd jobs of all kinds. Every time we had to leave a place that had sheltered us for a few days, Fredrik Paasche would say: "We shall make this journey over again some day, when the invaders have been cleaned out of Norway, and remember everything."

The strong white sunlight of early spring flooded the valley day after day. Up in the mountains the blanket of snow still glittered white over fells and peaks, with blue shadows that moved with the course of the sun across the sky. But the slopes of the valley were bleak with last year's grass, and down by the river the thaw had left the pine woods a faded green. The birches and the elder copses had taken on the purplish tint of swelling buds. Over our heads the black bombers that came to drop their load on the railway and the planes that carried supplies to the Germans about Trondheim droned all day. Fredrik Paasche took in everything: "We'll come back another spring, and remember."

Under the stress of a war that had struck us so unexpectedly the people still had difficulty in realizing it, the soldiers, the country folk—farmers and cottagers—were as quiet and kind and well-mannered and hospitable as common people in Norway usually are. The soldiers, unassuming and low-voiced, wondered that they had killed fellowmen, and that they did not feel badly about it. But, of course, the Germans, when they attacked, did yell and sing and behave so you could not feel they were human beings. Fredrik Paasche nodded: "They will never be able to twist the spirit of the Norwegians into anything remotely like their own." His faith in his own nation to stand up against odds always brought out the best and finest in the men and women we met. "Some day we'll return and meet these gallant and generous people on a happier day, and remember."

Our army in the South had to lay down arms, and we shipped from Bud in Romsdal on a tiny trawler full of soldiers who did not intend to give up resistance yet, and had decided to go to the north of Norway

where we and our Allies were still fighting. In the daytime the small vessel hid among the outermost skerries. The April nights in Norway do not yield cover of darkness for more than a couple of hours, but usually there were no bombers overhead later than mid-afternoon. So we travelled on, while the afterglow of the sunset over the ocean almost merged with the first faint streak of dawn behind the towering peaks of the Northland mountains. We sailed past the islands, sculptured by nature into weird, suggestive shapes. Stars clustered above the dark head of the Maid of Leka; from Hestmannøy her lover on horseback, with flowing mantle, pursued her eternally; the Lion of Rödöy loomed fiercely red in the late sunshine. This was the part of Norway Fredrik had come from—he had grown up in the parsonage of Bodin near Bodøy. "But everything seems even more beautiful now than ever before."

Norwegian officers from Bodøy telephoned us the soldiers were welcome, but they would not permit women and children to land there, the city was being bombed out of existence. We had to return to Mo i Rana and try to get to Tromsöy, at that time the seat of our government, by way of Sweden. Before we could overcome the obstacles to a return to Norway by way of Sweden our Allies had to withdraw their forces. The King and Government left for Great Britain, and all Norway was in the hands of the Germans.

Anders Wyller died in Sweden in the fall of 1940. And on September 2, 1943, Fredrik Paasche died in Uppsala. The spring journey back through a liberated Norway they will never make.

* * *

The three years Fredrik Paasche spent in Sweden were filled with tireless work for the cause of Norway. He made his temporary home in Uppsala, lectured at the University there, spoke at Folk High Schools and meetings all over Sweden, worked among Norwegian refugees, especially among the young people who try to continue their education in a foreign land, while they wait for the day when they may go home to fight or work. To them he and his wife opened their home, devoted endless care and helpfulness. He spent himself to the last ounce of his vitality. In December 1942, while travelling in the south of Sweden, he was taken ill with pneumonia. Heart disease developed and ended fatally.

But then he had spent himself lavishly for years. Ever since refugees from Germany started to arrive, and were followed by Austrians, Czechs, and more and more fugitives from Middle Europe, he had worked to help, together with the Nansen hjelpen, the Labor Party's organizations, the Flyktningshjelpen. He gave unstintingly of his time and his none too ample means and his vitality, laid aside work he had

been preparing for years. His home near Oslo, which he had to leave with his family on the morning of April 9, while German bombers finished off our small air force at the Fornebu airport, had for years been thrown wide open to all strangers who would come by day or by night and sit for hours, telling their tales of woe and difficulties to listeners who never got impatient. His wife, Stina Mörner, was of one mind with her husband. She too believed that their first duty in this emergency was towards those who were frenzied by fear and misery.

But then, as far back as I remember Fredrik Paasche—and that will be some five and thirty years—he was like that. Always willing to spend himself for some cause or another, always ready to respond, when anyone asked him for something he could give, always ready to share his vast store of knowledge with whoever asked him. I wonder if there are any of us, his friends, who have not been guilty of “asking Fredrik,” about a letter in the Diplomatarium, or a passage in some German mystic or poet, or a line in a saga we did not remember where was to be found. He would reply with a neat précis of the text, giving page and line in the best editions. Even he, with his immense erudition, could not possibly know all that by heart. He must have had to look through the files and registers we ought to have gone through ourselves. But he had an infinite capacity for taking pains—for other people’s sake.

When first Fredrik Paasche attracted the attention of University circles in Oslo, his youthful appearance, his easily aroused enthusiasm for so many different causes and matters, made for underestimation of his strength of personality. They soon had to discover, for all his readiness to espouse every cause that seemed to him worthy, his was an uncommonly keen and lucid mind, his powers of criticism unusual. However generously he recognized real values in people and in their efforts, he was quick to discern their shortcomings and limitations. Only in him that was never a reason for belittling what was good. At an age when most young people demand a perfection not to be found in our world, he had accepted the fact that human beings are imperfect, and their achievements will be marked with imperfection. To him the important thing was that this implies the inherent goodness in people and in things—for how could we feel the lack of good as an imperfection if everything was evil? The very fluctuations in men’s ideas about moral issues was to him the supreme evidence of the reality of eternal moral values, and of the everlasting yearning of mankind for perfection.

The transition of the Nordic people from paganism to Christianity had fascinated him since the beginning of his career as a scholar. His book *Kristendom og Kvad*—unless I am mistaken it was his thesis for the doctorate—broke new ground: the religious poetry of the old Ice-

landers, the monastic efforts to use the style and technique of the skaldic lays as an expression of Catholic Faith, personal religious experience, and praise of God and His saints, had been sorely undervalued by generations of historians, who were apt to lament the passing away of the "Viking spirit" as a weakening of the Norsemen's vigor. The fact that the sources from which the older historians had drawn their admiration for the Vikings were the literary remains of the Christian Middle Ages—since the Nordic people before their conversion were absolutely illiterate, the Runes a means of magic, not of recording—had not been fully recognized until recent times. In how far the sagas, the Eddas, and the skaldic lays express an age of cross-currents in the minds of men, the conflict of loyalties and of fundamental beliefs with quick doubt, attempts to reconcile the values of the old times—courage, self-control, poise of emotions—with the values stressed by the new Faith, became a field for Fredrik Paasche's penetrating research. He brought to this work a mind infinitely sensitive to the poetic and artistic values of the Old Norse literature. The reliability of the sagas, for instance, as records of factual happenings may vary with the varying works, but their reliability as pictures of the outlook on life and men by wise and passionate artists Fredrik Paasche maintained as absolute. How far he had been able to enter into the spirit of that remote age he proved in book after book. He wrote the first volume of the monumental history of Norwegian Literature that he brought out in collaboration with his friend Professor Francis Bull—destined to be the standard work on the spiritual aspirations of our Middle Ages. Among his minor work his beautiful rendering of Eystein Ásgrímsson's famous "Lilja" into modern Norwegian verse is outstanding.

To Fredrik Paasche the decisive fact in the fate of the Nordic people and the moulding of the Nordic spirit was that they were seafaring nations. Forever they surged out towards foreign shores, forever they were in touch with happenings and movements and spiritual currents in all the countries of Western Europe. Forever they gleaned fresh impressions from abroad, forever they retired back to their homelands of long winters, to digest them and transform them into intensely national and personal possessions. This to Fredrik Paasche was the very essence of our history through thousands of years. His second contribution to the *Norsk Litteraturhistorie* was the volume covering the times from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the end of the era dominated by the giant figure of Henrik Wergeland. This is another time-situation, when currents from the south—the German Romantics, the progress of natural sciences, the new patterns of social structures—flowed into the Scandinavian countries. The impact of

these waves of new ideas on Norway and the reaction of Norwegian minds to assimilate and transform them was to him the point of departure from which he rendered his picture of a rich and fruitful period of our history.

His chair as professor at the University of Oslo was that of German literature—though he lectured also on Norse literature most of the time. The mental unrest, the conflicting ideas and ideals, the intense and varied emotionalism of German poets and writers had attracted him in his youth. With all his love of German poetry, he was however keenly aware how utterly different the Germans are from the Nordic people. Impulses from Germany—and of them we have received many—always had to be turned into something different north of Slien. The Danes, the Norwegians, the Swedes, and the Icelanders did feel, ever since the Middle Ages, that they were an ethnic entity. They may differ among themselves, but seen in relationship to other nations they are a family with common traits and common development, in spite of the family feuds and brawls that have occurred throughout the centuries. That even Medieval law acknowledged this as a fact, giving to nationals of the other Scandinavian countries the same rights as their own, while the rights of aliens were less protected—was a point he never tired of making, and thoroughly rejoiced in.

His belief in human greatness and nobility, transcending our betrayal of our best impulses, our endless shortcomings and weaknesses, inspired him to a series of studies of men who in his eyes had succeeded in realizing greatness above the average. King Sverre, Saint Olav, Luther, Goethe, and a number of men of Iceland in the times of Snorre Sturluson and the Sturlung feud, Henrik Wergeland and some of the Norwegian poets and writers about this scintillating genius were the objects of studies—penetrating or admiring portrait-sketches rather than orthodox biography.

His enthusiasm for the matters he took up and worked out sometimes nearly made us forget how this enthusiasm was based on extensive knowledge of what he talked about and thoroughgoing research. In the end we always had to recognize that he knew more about the things he believed in than those who doubted and made objections. His faith, during the dark days of the Spring of 1940, in the defeat of the powers of darkness and the victory of justice and moral forces everywhere, also in the inalienable rights of our own nation, sometimes jarred in the ears of those of us who did not exactly doubt that Germany would ultimately be defeated—or defeat herself—but feared this victory might come in times too remote for us to see it. But the faith of Fredrik Paasche in the future was adamant.

To us it seems a heartbreakingly tragic that he had to die before the

day of Norway's liberation has come. It seems bitter that the spring voyage he planned, back across the trail of a retreat, should never come off. Maybe it did not seem so tragic to him. Because of his rare gift of seeing and discerning among factual things, he had won the vision that will give a man belief in the things unseen.

To A German Soldier

BY AAKE FEN

WHAT HAPPENED to you, boy, as you stood watching
And holding in convulsive grips the man
Whom they were beating frantically with truncheons?

Your eyes took in the terrible details.
First: that his skin was flayed with consummate skill,
Methodically, sickeningly, ably,
And afterwards, how they were carried off
By their own marvellous success, so that their eyes
Grew wider and looked far into a vision.
And after that they beat him till their arms
Went weak from digging deep into his flesh,
And they sat down and breathed heavily
And wiped away the foam around their mouths.

You nearly fainted long before that time.
But your arms, too, went stiff; you held the man
Convulsively as long as they went on.
Then you awoke, and dropped him on the floor,
And you went out and found the sink and spewed,
And those two other ones just smiled embarrassed,
Received your homage graciously, and smiled.
Then there was no need for you to stay
As they poured water on the man, and brought him
Back to a life which none of you could know.
You staggered off. You were on leave that night,
Went to a place where there were no Norwegians,
And sat there, very ill and all alone.
You felt that something had just died within you,
That everything was lost, that there was left
No other feeling than the one of hatred.

And then it struck you, "If I hate myself
I must hate even more those men behind me,
The ones who ordered me to hold that man
While they took care of him—yes, the Gestapo!"

A sudden fear seized you, a gripping fear
That seemed to hold you as you held that man,
And you imagined now that you were he,
And that they beat you, too, before they shot you.
You sweated, and got up, and paced the floor.
And you were glad that nobody could see you.
Then you decided that you never would
Do anything to bring that fate upon you.
You were a victor. You belonged among
The breed that conquered and that won the wars.
And then you thought about that man again,
And as your heart was filled only with hatred,
You hated him, because you had a debt
And could not pay him what you knew you owed.
So that was all. You felt that German hatred
Each time you saw a man who looked like him,
And everybody looked like him in Norway.
Now you can hold a man, while the Gestapo
Breaks finger after finger,
And all you think about is your promotion,
So you yourself might cool your burning hate
In the cold body of a tortured man
To whom you owed much more than you could pay.

Aake Fen is a young Norwegian newspaper man who lately escaped from Norway.

The Women of the Icelandic Sagas

BY MARGARET SCHLAUCH

WOMEN (bless their hearts) have like other human beings a remarkable facility for becoming what their environment expects of them. Confine them in a seraglio, feed them rich food, keep them from exercise and thought, treat them like pet domestic animals, and they will become what they have been told they are by nature: indolent, petty, unthinking, sensuous, practically subhuman. Limit them to the practice of culinary skill and that mysterious art known as serving a warrior's pastime, and they will become as dull as any harem dweller, though enforced athletics may keep them considerably more mobile. Tell a group of them, say medieval chatelaines, that their function is to listen to love-poetry, cultivate the fine gradations of erotic etiquette, and preside at tournaments, and to these women it will appear unnatural to function in any other way. Pour them into the factories, and at once the mass of them will evince the virtues required of an industrial worker. Finally, place them in the midst of a dangerous pioneer existence, and they will develop into co-adventurers with their husbands, vigorous, independent, courageous—worlds distant from their lazy sisters in the seraglios or the langorous ones in the medieval castles.

The women of the Icelandic sagas were first and foremost pioneers. They came from Norway, where the beginnings of feudalism had somewhat stratified society, but where life was still firmly and simply tied to the agricultural processes. The first generations of them grew up in the Viking Age, a restless time when all the Scandinavian peoples were sending their most ambitious sons to distant lands as pirate-conquerors, settlers, merchants, explorers. It was no uncommon thing for a Norwegian or Icelandic girl to hear returned kinsmen talk of warfare in Ireland, or the siege of a French town, raids on the English coast, service at the court of Byzantium, or even an extended trip across Russia to the realms of the East. When families left the homeland to settle in alien parts, a great burden of responsibility fell on the shoulders of the women. They carried this burden with the utmost vigor and effectiveness. Their performance would be little short of amazing to anyone unwilling to subscribe to the general thesis that women *are*—in common with the rest of humanity—adaptable.

The Icelandic sagas show us, in a gallery of brilliant prose portraits, the types of women who emerged from the ardors of settlement and

colonization. Admirers of the gentler types of femininity may find them overwhelming, perhaps a bit on the domineering side; but they did not with all their vigor attempt to do precisely what men did. Except in emergencies they did not duplicate the masculine rôle. Yet they lived a life in which emergencies frequently arose.

They journeyed across the northern seas in the simple, exposed ships which the Viking Age made familiar on many shores. They found an island less stark than it is today, since many of its slopes were then still wooded; but it was new, quite untamed, and sufficiently rigorous, no doubt, even according to Norwegian ideas of the time. Huge glaciers reduced the stretches of habitable land. Friendly bays and inlets had to be sought along the sheer cliff-ramparts of the shore. Valleys and plains were bounded by austere chains of conical mountains, streaked with old lava-streams, pitted with caves, seamed with vestiges of perennial snow. Into this land they penetrated with their families along river valleys and over the friendlier plains. They helped to subdue it and make it their own.

For feminine hands there was plentiful work to do: all the chores of farming and cattle-raising, and the domestic arts of cooking, spinning, and weaving as well. Serving-women milked the cows, tended to the stables generally, and waited in the household. Some of these had come over as serfs; but labor was precious, the early laws protected them, and within a few generations most men and women had achieved freedom. Slavery died a comparatively easy death in Iceland. No tragic civil war was needed to wipe it from the face of the land, as in our own country. The farmsteads were largely self-sufficient, and on them each man and woman had his own assigned work. From Thorkell Johansson's interesting study of free workers in old Iceland we learn what was meant by an average fair amount of work a day (*meðalmannsverk*), the legal provisions regarding workers, free and unfree, and the units of value (ells of cloth and fractions of cows!) in which wages were reckoned.

The life was hard, but all persons shared it one way or another in a common fellowship. That is why work plays so important a part in the narrative of the sagas. Feuds break out over the use of pasture-ground by two families, or the ownership of a whale's carcass that has been washed ashore, or the distribution of a stock of hay in time of famine: all very concrete homely things intimately connected with the urgent problems of food and shelter. Accounts of these differ very much from the more formal epics of other peoples at the same time, where we read of matters exclusively interesting to an aristocratic warrior caste. The leading families in Iceland never became remote from the soil.

But they had their code of honor too. It was so strict and warlike that it justifies us in calling the settlers peasant-aristocrats. Wrongs and insults demanded bloody reprisal; in affairs of honor a man was supposed to value his life no more than a pin's fee; an unavenged murder was a disgrace to the family. Women did not fight themselves, but they were alert to goad their men to revenge if it appeared to them that the warriors were tardy in action. The "egging" woman is one of the most conventional of saga figures.

Once a year, in June, a great meeting of freemen was held at Thingvellir (Plains of the Thing), at which laws were spoken, bargains were struck, fines paid, feuds adjusted, and marriages arranged. We do not read of many housewives attending in person, though we have reason to believe that they often gave specific instructions to husbands about to attend the meeting. Occasionally there is record of a woman like Hallgerda the Fair in the *Saga of Njal*, who might attend with her father, in search of a second (or third or fourth) husband.

From such a setting there developed precisely the types of women one would expect to find, and they are amply represented, with many nuances, in the sagas. The managing housewife who exercised a firm control over all relatives down to the third and fourth generation was a well-known figure. Within the confines of patriarchy she behaved like a redoubtable matriarch. An outstanding example is Aud called the "Deep-minded," one of the generation of pioneer settlers, who is described briefly in the *Landnamabók* (Book of Settlements) and more elaborately in the *Laxdale Saga*. She was the widow of Olaf the White of Ireland. Erp, one of her freedmen, the captured son of a Scottish earl, received a tract of land from her and founded a family of his own. According to the former account, she "was a woman of great worship. When she was well stricken in years, she summoned to her house her kinsmen and sons-in-law, and prepared a costly feast for them. And when three nights of the feast were gone, then she gave gifts to her kinsfolk, and counselled them wisely, and she said that the feast should last another three nights as her funeral feast ["Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"]. The next night she died, and was buried on the shore, below high water mark, as she had ordered it herself; for she did not wish to lie in unhallowed ground, seeing that she was a baptized woman." The saga elaborates this account, showing us the same domineering woman under the name of Unn. Having married off her sons and grandsons to her satisfaction, she is still sensitive about her age. "She was very angry if anyone asked how it fared with her strength." She chose the wedding of her favorite grandson for the ultimate disposal of her possessions and for her pre-arranged death. After a short speech, "she walked at a

quick step out along the hall, and people could not help saying to each other how stately the lady was yet. . . . But the day after Olaf went to the sleeping bower of Unn, his grandmother, and when he came into the chamber there was Unn sitting up against her pillows, and she was dead. . . . Every one thought it a wonderful thing, how Unn had upheld her dignity to the day of her death. So they now drank together Olaf's wedding and Unn's funeral honors. . . ."

Droplaug, whose sons' doings form the material for a shorter family saga, is another capable widow left to manage a large estate and a family after her husband's death. Her two truculent sons are quite willing to embark on a blood-feud when they hear of an insult to their capable mother. The story of Gisli the Outlaw shows us the hero's wife at first engaged in domestic tasks such as cutting and sewing shirts, to an accompaniment of light gossip. Later—partly as a result of this very gossip—she goes into exile with Gisli and shares all his hardships with him to the moment of his last valiant fight and death.

There were no queens in Iceland, in the strict sense of the word, but sagas dealing with the affairs of Norway give us portraits of several royal ladies, both good and bad. Most notorious among the latter was Queen Gunnhild, a distinctly middle-aged woman, mother of King Harald Grayfell, who evinces a lively interest in the arrival of boats from Iceland and asks what men have landed in them. Hrut, a character in the *Saga of Njal*, becomes a favorite of hers and spends an agreeable winter with her in her chambers. With grim humor she instructs her retainers: "Ye shall lose nothing except your lives if you say to any one a word how Hrut and I are going on." She continues to bespell Hrut after he has left her, so that he is unable to consummate his marriage with his betrothed in Iceland. This lady was as violent in her dislikes as her likes, it appears. Another Icelander, Egil Skallagrim's son, evoked her implacable hostility. To ruin him she employed her powers of witchcraft, "so that it is said, that Gunnhild let work a spell, and let that be in the spellworking, that Egil Skallagrimson should never bide in peace in Iceland until she should look upon him." She changed herself into a black bird to plague him. She failed, however, for Egil was even more determined and ruthless than she.

In his *Heimskringla* or History of the Kings of Norway, the Icelander Snorri Sturluson tells us of another aggressive and flirtatious queen, Sigrid, mother of Olaf the Swede. She receives King Harald Graenske with marked favors, entertains him gaily, and so works on him that he is willing to divorce his wife Asta for her sake. She refuses, mockingly. Upon one occasion when he and a Russian princeling are dangling about her, she orders their hall fired and attacked during the

night, saying that "she would make these small kings tired of coming to court her!" Olaf Tryggvason wished to marry her too, but she balked at baptism, so he struck her and exclaimed angrily: "Why should I care to have thee, an old faded woman, a heathen jade?" She replied: "This may some day be thy death." She does as a matter of fact foster a conspiracy against him. It is seldom that a saga woman fails to have the last word. Apparently Sigrid was in the habit of "leading men on" and then turning against them.

Some of the royal ladies encountered by Icelanders in Norway were more gracious. Such was Ingigerd of Sweden, who was to have married Saint Olaf of Norway (whom she loved), but was given instead by her harsh and obstinate father to Jarisleif (Yaroslav) of Novgorod. In the *Laxdale Saga* Ingebjorg, sister of King Olaf Tryggvason, falls in love with the handsome Icelander Kjartan, who is engaged to Gudrun back home. Her charms are sufficient to deter Kjartan from going home when he had promised to do so, but Ingebjorg is too proud to beg him to stay when he finally decides to leave. At their last interview, after he announces his intention, "words between them were drowned in silence." Then Ingebjorg arouses herself and presents Kjartan with a gold-embroidered head-dress to be presented to his betrothed, Gudrun, saying: "You will give her the coif as a bridal gift, for I wish the wives of the Icelanders to see as much as that she with whom you have had your talks in Norway comes of no thrall's blood." Some feminine pique is legible in these words, but there is no doubt, according to the author, that both she and Kjartan suffered at the parting.

The serving-woman or thrall appears only incidentally in most of the sagas. The work of these women is assumed as part of the general picture, but mentioned only when they figure briefly in the action. Occasionally, however, an individual's fate is recounted in some detail. When Hoskuld of the *Laxdale Saga* is travelling in Norway he buys a fair slave woman from a certain trader called Gilli the Russian and takes her home with him. She looks very well when she is properly dressed, but no one can get her to speak. Quite naturally, Hoskuld's legitimate wife resents the arrival of this concubine and treats her rather harshly—the more so, no doubt, because many people comment on the girl's air of fine breeding. "The woman must do some work or other," says Jorunn flatly, "or else go away." She is assigned to personal service in the house. Eventually she is discovered talking to her little boy, and she confesses that her silence had been voluntary. She is Melkorka, the daughter of a king of Ireland, carried off on a viking raid. Jorunn is very skeptical of the story. "A little while after this, when Jorunn was going to bed, Melkorka was undressing her, and put her shoes on the

floor, when Jorunn took the stockings and smote her with them about the head. Melkorka got angry, and struck Jorunn on the nose with her fist, so that the blood flowed. Hoskuld came in and parted them"—permanently, as was high time! Melkorka's tale must have had many parallels in an age when prisoners of war furnished a chief supply for the slave market.

Among Icelandic wives there were a number, it appears, who were conspicuous for bad temper and vindictiveness. It must be confessed that not all housewives made the best possible use of the power and dignity enjoyed by them in Icelandic society. There was Hallgerda, for instance, in the *Saga of Njal*, who after causing the death of two husbands in rapid succession, was married to the outstanding hero Gunnar. Her long-drawn torturing of him is one of the chief themes of this incomparable tale. She goads him, she involves him in blood-feuds with his friends, she descends to petty thievery to spite him—or is it just because she is gratuitously mean? By this time her golden-haired beauty has presumably begun to pall on Gunnar. Once, when she has provoked him beyond endurance, he slaps her across the face. "She said she would bear that slap in mind and repay it if she could." Later, when her husband is in the most desperate danger, with his enemies at the very door, his bowstring snaps while he is holding them at bay. He bids her quickly cut off two strands of her hair and twist them into a substitute string. "Does aught depend on it?" she asks calmly; and he replies with simplicity: "My life lies on it! . . ." Whereupon she remains stonily still and assures him that she will do no such thing: "Now I will call to thy mind that slap on the face which thou gavest me, and I care never a whit whether thou holdest out a long while or a short."

Gudrun, in the *Laxdale Saga*, is another *femme fatale* who causes many deaths and ruins several husbands. In her behalf it may be pointed out that she had been bitterly disappointed when her betrothed, Kjartan, failed to return to marry her as he promised. As we have seen, he was dallying agreeably with Ingebjorg, princess of Norway. Thus it came about that Gudrun married Bolli instead, and goaded her husband into a feud with her former lover. At the end of her life she admitted ruefully, looking backwards, that of the men about her, suitors and husbands, "to him I was worst whom I loved the best."

Icelandic women were not likely, it is clear, to let a wrong go by unavenged. Usually they were willing to have male members of their family carry out the retribution for them. A few, however, acted for themselves. A woman named Aud found that her husband was succumbing to the charms of this same Gudrun in the *Laxdale Saga*. Upon Gudrun's suggestion, Thord (the husband) divorced Aud on the pre-

text that she violated the Icelandic code of morals by wearing trousers about her work, "with gores in the seat, winding swathings about her legs almost to her feet." The pretext is thin, but it works. Thord marries Gudrun as he had planned to do. But Aud takes vigorous action. Accompanied only by a shepherd, she rides to Thord's abode, finds him sleeping while the others are out, and wounds him badly with a sword, "striking his right arm and wounding him on both nipples." On this occasion, says the saga, she "was now indeed in breeches"! It may be said, by the way, that although divorce was available, it was seldom used except for weighty reasons (such as the impotence which Queen Gunnhild put on Hrut by witchcraft.) Adultery forms part of the plot in several sagas—the *Sturlungs' Saga* has several instances—; but the condemnation of it by the community at large is always made clear.

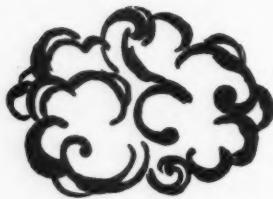
There are devoted, unselfish women in the sagas too, women who subordinate their own desires to those of the family, or who suffer a broken heart in patience without attempting to desolate the whole countryside by feuds as a salve to their vanity. Such a woman is Helga in the *Gunnlaug's Saga*, or her namesake in the *Saga of Thorstein the White*, or Oddny in the *Saga of Bjarni of Hitdale*, who pined to death uncomplaining after her lover was done to death in feud with her husband. But these gentler heroines are somewhat overshadowed in our memories by the more notorious types such as Hallgerda, Gudrun, and Aud of the Breeches, whom slights spurred to drastic action. A beautiful example of filial affection appears in the daughter of Egil Skallagrim's son. By a skillful and entirely pardonable deception she wins her old father back to life and the love of poetry once more, when he, sorrowing over the untimely death of his sons, had resolved to die by starvation.

Few of the women we have been observing embarked upon heroic adventures independently, but many initiated them and some participated when husbands and brothers led. The old wife of Howard the Halt it is (in the saga named from him) who arouses her stricken husband to take revenge for a son's death, and who directs the subsequent gathering of the clans. Bergthora, wife of the venerable Njal, refuses to leave his side when the house is burning over their heads and the enemy swarm without. "I was given away to Njal young," she says, "and I have promised him this, that we would both share the same fate." He accepts her sacrifice with these words: "We will go to our bed and lay us down; I have long been eager for rest." In the smoking ruins these two bodies are found later, tranquilly laid out side by side, lacking any signs of struggle against the flames.

They are a mixed lot, these Icelandic ladies: the ruthless and the

long-suffering, the flirts and the true-loves, the proud queens and the stay-at-homes. But at least they were alive and they were very definite. They grew towards responsibility. They helped to protect an exacting code of family honor which preferred death to disgrace. It is their active participation in a challenging environment which marks them off from their less conspicuous sisters of the time in France, England, and Germany. The stories delineating these strong-minded Gudruns, Helgas, and Auds belong to the world's great literature. To American women they should appeal with especial directness. We too pride ourselves on a definiteness and an active temperament derived likewise from a recent pioneer past. We may not show our strength in precisely the same way, or for the same causes, but we can understand the vital feminine gifts which found expression in old Iceland. Of all medieval cultures, American women would feel themselves most at home in this one, I am sure, if for any reason they found themselves transported backwards in time to the tenth or eleventh century.

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Christiansborg

Copenhagen

COPENHAGEN could commemorate its five hundredth anniversary as the capital of Denmark on October 14, but the city itself is much older. It was first mentioned nine hundred years ago, in 1043. On the site where Christiansborg now stands, housing the Rigsdag, the Supreme Court, and the Foreign Office as well as royal reception rooms, Bishop Absalon built his first castle in 1167. Under the present building may be seen a stone-set well dating back from his time.

In modern Copenhagen the old and the new are blended in mellow harmony. I saw it first in June 1914. As I strolled out from the hotel in the soft light of a midsummer evening, I came to a building that looked familiar. It was Rundetaarn. That is characteristic of Copenhagen—the nearness and intimacy of places full of historic atmosphere. I walked up the ramp encircling the tower, up which Czar Peter is said to have driven his coach, and from the top I looked out over the city which in

that light seemed all a park, its leafy crowns pierced by quaint spires. It is a lovely and gracious city, spread out by the Sound, with its three hundred year old trees in gardens that once belonged to the kings and now belong to the people, its small time-mellowed palaces, its art galleries, its churches, its theaters, and last but not least its popular amusement places, Tivoli and Dyrehavsbakken, showing by their refinement and the subtlety of their humor how deeply culture has penetrated all the social strata in Copenhagen.

But there were sinister forebodings even then. German tourists were there with their look of arrogance, "as if they owned Denmark and were just thinking of how soon they would take over," my companion said. And of course we know now that they were thinking of it even then. No people could be less amenable to German goose-stepping than the Danes with their individualism, their informality, and their sense of humor. Let me give an incident. An elderly Danish gentleman was showing my sister and me the environs of Copenhagen, and we came to a place where we were not supposed to go. An army sentry was posted there. Our escort took him by the shoulders and turned him around: "You have such a nice face, but now I would rather see your back." The young soldier grinned and obligingly turned his back, allowing us to pass. His Danish common sense told him we were harmless, and why be pedantic about it? But it wouldn't have happened in Sweden or even in Norway.

The Danish "Jenser" looked rosy and pleasant and informal. Somehow it was hard to think of them as pitted against the German war machine. But it is significant that we did think of it, although fifty years had passed since last they faced the enemy in the south, and it was still a few weeks before the shot in Serajevo which was to plunge Europe into war again. It was significant that one could not, even in times of apparent peace, lose the consciousness of overshadowing danger. Perhaps it was the German tourists like a fist in Denmark's face. Perhaps it was history. We knew that for a thousand years that small nation had held back the truculent neighbor in the south, and twice in a century the Danish soldiers had faced the Germans with desperate courage.

And now, in 1943, we have seen once more that hard kernel of resistance which the Danes hide under apparent softness.

H. A. L.

Johannes V. Jensen

BY SIGNE TOKSVIG

WHEN THOSE WHO really know great men have died out, or when they are shut away and barred off in war-imprisoned lands, then the humbler observers, those to whom luck gave a glimpse now and then, may perhaps legitimately offer their crumbs in lieu of nothing at all.

One day in March 1939 I was clutching my way to my cabin on the *Drottningholm*, that being the only useful mode of procedure, since a hurricane was blowing. En route, as a door banged open, I perceived on the floor the figure of a man whom I knew. It was Johannes V. Jensen. Brief as was my reeling glimpse, I noted that he was far from being in distress; he was sitting, somewhat orientally, on a mattress laid in the tiny space.

"The ship kept tumbling him out of his berth," his wife said later, "so he just put the mattress on the floor."

Johannes V. Jensen gave his dry, kindly smile. "If I don't write, my ship goes down."

We were coming westward. He had already begun his book on this visit, his

third or fourth, to the United States. One of the observations in it was due to a chance given him by a storm-swayed curtain to see a row of women sitting stiffly under the gigantic helmets of the hair-driers, getting their "waves" set. He marvelled at this faithfulness to fashion, irrespective of the wrathful water-heaps outside.

Woman-worshipper though he can be, and for him the very spirit of the universe is a woman, maternally bent over it, he has an eye for the foibles that secondary sex characteristics may lead females into. In fact he doesn't really like females at all unless they evolve into real women. Never shall I forget the look on his face one day on Fifth Avenue when he beheld the hats of that spring

season, the little pink and blue foamy omelettes perching on all too wavy heads. Perhaps even then he thought that "evolution is not always chronological," words to be used by him in 1941 when he wrote *Mindets Tavler*, as the crab-like gait of evolution had become fully apparent.

In that March 1939, walking the deck of the *Drottningholm*, we stopped to read



Johannes V. Jensen

the bulletin board. "Germans have marched into Prague," it said. "What will that lead to?" I asked, hearing how pale and frightened was my voice. "To the death of many people," Johannes V. said soberly, nothing else, yet it was like a civilization's knell. Not civilization's, only that wrong turn of it which he would say was due to "bad Darwinism," to the "superman" interpretation of evolution.

Now that the cold Nazi blasts of it are really striking Denmark, is he still working? I am sure he is, when that figure on the floor writing athwart the hurricane comes to my mind. Now if ever is he fighting for that true purpose of the evolution he believes in, "a protected and protecting mankind," but it is the triumph of gentleness, "progress from horror to rejoicing," not Nazi protection.

This is his seventieth year. Ten years ago devoted friends published a bibliography of his writings, showing 950 items, the majority not in book form of course, but a tidal wave of living influence just the same, and deeper and wider perhaps than if they had all been books. Even in book-buying Denmark a great many more people buy newspapers. Johannes V. Jensen long ago chose his own kind of journalism, a way of establishing "a kind of wireless telegraphy" between himself and many people. Henrik Cavling, editor of *Politiken*, had established the "Chronique," a well paid, short article printed across the bottom of one page and perhaps of the next one as well. In this form Johannes V. Jensen was able to express himself as he liked, having the benefit of being a columnist without being tied to a staff and to regular appearance. But the chronique was not a helter-skelter of comments, it was a living literary entity, and a series might deal with aspects of one subject or of related subjects so that they could later appear in book-form.

The 1939 journey to America first appeared as chroniques. Most of the "myths" in his five or six volumes of "myths" appeared this way. A "myth"

he has said "is every description which brings a bit of nature into relationship with the times," a nice roomy definition which has given plenty of scope both to the poet-painter and the historian-anthropologist.

His two homes really express these sides of him. In Tibirke Bakker, in north Sjælland, he has a sort of farmhouse on a lone hill, straw-thatched, black-timbered, pink-washed, and well-weathered. Here, he told me, they were once puzzled by the problem of whether they dared let their four year old son run barefoot in the heather where adders had been seen. They put little bells on his ankles. "Since then," he laughed, tossing his head characteristically, "I found out that adders are deaf."

No one is quicker to see a joke on himself, but it is a rare joke that he should have been caught in this way. Nature, biology, one is tempted to say Vitalism, is what he lives for. In an interview on his sixtieth birthday he said, astonishingly: "I've never felt I was an author," adding that the material meant more to him than the working over of it, and that all literature is really inhibited initiative. "You have an impulse, something in the direction of action, but the soil is heavy, and it turns into notes, authorship, words about what one had wanted to do."

"To be a biologist," he also said, "is to be in love," and where literature gains is that he is a poet in love. In the study in his city home are primitive skulls and implements, but from bones and flints and his intuition he recreates prehistoric man and the beginning of man's "long journey." It is not possible that a poet who weds creative intuition to scientific data should ever be approved by scientists, still they had to admit, after jeering at him, that the prehistoric horse had in fact existed in Denmark eleven thousand years ago, and that it was not unlikely, according to new geologic discoveries, that an island where man found refuge had

existed in the midst of glacier-covered Norway.

In Norway he started his chief work, *The Long Journey*, that Golconda of beauty, humor, shrewd interpretation, living history, cosmic fantasy. It has sometimes been badly understood as an epic to the superior qualities of the Nordic race. But he writes the Northmen's saga not because they were Nordic, but because they chose a hard climate, which built character, rather than a soft and uninventive existence. Whatever people lived in tropical Scandinavia, they were all of the same race, those who followed the retreating heat southwards and those who went the "northway" to Norway.

Both the Tibirke house and the smiling, spacious but simple apartment in Copenhagen (Frederiksberg) bear witness to the fact that although his pen has kept his ship well afloat, it has not provided him with luxury. Nor would that have been to his taste; the veterinary's son from the stark stretches of northwest Jutland has stayed nearly as Spartan as his ancestors.

Johannes V. Jensen is too great a poet to be adequately translated. Had he written in a world language he would perhaps have made millions, certainly have reached millions. Does he care? Asked once, by Jørgen Sandvad, if he had found it a handicap to belong to a small nation, he answered:

"On the contrary. It is an advantage not to be born a German, an Englishman, or a Russian. Unavoidably one would have been under some psychologic compulsion. The man from the small nation can conceive of all the others, but it wouldn't occur to an Englishman to conceive of others than himself. And the mere fact that one is forced to be polyglot gives greater mental training. . . . Oh, of course, I could have had a villa in the Alps, or a speed-boat! But I haven't missed either. A walk by Börsen and a look at the fishing-boats has been worth all those splendors to me. Besides, the spiritual effort one has to make compensates for success,

that is the private joy of authorship, and I've been well rewarded there."

He cannot have failed, however, to notice the tributes, great even for jubilee loving Denmark, which were paid to him both when he was fifty and when he was sixty. For a nation of less than four million to buy over 125,000 copies of the new two-volume edition of *The Long Journey* was tangible tribute, but there were others.

When Karen Blixen (still known here against her wish as "Isak Dinesen," the author of *Seven Gothic Tales*, etc.) went with us to visit him in Tibirke, she, otherwise so wittily fluent, was silent and watchful—and shy. In that was the admiration, and the gratitude, which Danish writers feel for Johannes V. Jensen, whatever may be their attitude towards his defiance of orthodox religion, science, and Marxism. They know that he has enriched Danish through his direct experience of nature so that critics can think of no other similes for his gifts than new grass, freshly baked bread, newly churned butter, the open sea, the scent of pines, all that is new, fresh, delectable, strong and innocent. It is as if these were not verbal gifts but the very nature of the things themselves, conveyed more directly and powerfully to us through his senses than they could have been through our own.

A Swedish critic has said that the greatest lyric poet in Denmark is Johannes V. Jensen in his prose, but his greatness as a poet should not thereby be obscured. Through rhythms as natural as breathing he is able to bring us the treasures fused by his sight and his insight. Even those whom he exasperates by his entirely inelastic defense of his "ethical materialism" would grant him a unique power of seeing and sensing, but they somehow imply that he goes no deeper.

Had they read the *Bhagavad Gita* they would know that the man himself is known by his deity. The Hindu poet-priests would, on behalf of the Absolute, personal or impersonal, have accepted Johannes V.

Jensen with joy, because his Deity—Evolution—is the essence of their teaching. He does not extend it beyond the physical so that it is the consciousness of generations rather than that of the individual which evolves, through time, towards gentleness, or God, or the Absolute, but there they would have agreed with him too, although they called the process reincarnation.

But this is dangerous ground. I seem to hear Johannes V.'s warning little battle-cough. He'll have no truck with priests. As for the Absolute, under any name, well, at great risk I will express a suspicion that he, being a man with an acute sense of privacy, is not unlike a French friend of mine. Being asked by her worried family why she didn't go to church, or even even mention "*Le bon Dieu*," she said: "*Le bon Dieu et moi, nous sommes tellement intimes qu'il ne serait pas convenable d'en parler.*" (The good Lord and I are so intimate it wouldn't be proper to speak of it.)

We saw him last in December 1939 just before we left for America. We had lunch with him and his wife. Fru Else is not only fair as the mildest of Northern goddesses, she is wise, kind, merry, and better able to reach out to people than her husband. If he is Jylland, she is Sjælland. It is possible to see her in some of his poems to that wheat-crowned island.

We talked of America which they love. The surplus of life, energy, technique in America entralls him. But not as presented by the "hard-boiled school," for which he blames Hemingway; "it's not important to specify his imitators by name." Long ago Johannes V. Jensen reacted with all his wit and anger against what Ellen Glasgow so well has called "the evasive idealism of the nineteenth century," but he has never identified truth with brutality. For those who do that he has the remark that "you can shut out the sun by holding up a dead rat." That kind

of realism is against his notion of evolution, but he is delighted when he finds evidence in America that pioneer hardships can still be cheerfully endured. He urges Danish-Americans to read the Sagas where they may breathe "the salt and healthy airs that unite the ancestral land with the great new nation across the Atlantic."

Speaking to him about his magic translations of the Icelandic Sagas, I demurred a little about the size and weight of the volume, only to be rebuked: "It's not a book to be read lolling in an armchair, but sitting up straight in front of a lectern, and with reverence!"

Thinking back, it strikes me that reverence is the keynote to his work, reverence for a flower, or for our prehistoric ancestors' achievements of axe and boat, or for the first tenderness that came into the world with parental love.

A picture of the torchlight procession which went to greet him on his sixtieth birthday—artists, workingmen, university students—shows a rare thing for our times in these young, quiet, upturned faces; they are full of a loving reverence, a hushed devotion. He spoke to them from a balcony, a few sentences only, telling them that youth was their capital and Denmark their responsibility. "Ward Denmark well!" Those were his parting words.

On his seventieth birthday the German black-out would have precluded any torchlight procession, but the Denmark he more than any other writer has helped to nourish and maintain, the Denmark with roots in humanity's common past and still forever itself, mild, stubborn and strong, found novel yet ancient ways of celebrating Johannes V. Jensen's anniversary year. If the Sagas, as he has said, are letters from our kinsfolk across a thousand years, then on August 29th the smoke and fire from the burning Danish fleet wrote a few filial letters to the men of the Sagas.

Martin Eden of Sonoma

BY ANDERS KRUSKOPF

WHOMARTIN EDEN? Where did Jack London ever get this name for one of his most notable characters in his well known book with the same name? Was Martin Eden a real person or just a name which the author happened to think of?"

I am sure these are questions thousands of readers have asked after they have finished reading this famous American author's book. "I rather like that name. I wonder where he picked it up."

Then Hollywood made a motion picture from London's book, and an actor by the name of Glenn Ford portrayed Martin Eden on the screen. More people heard of the name, people who had never read the book. And these people asked the same question: "I wonder who Martin Eden was?"

Between the covers of the book *Martin Eden* lies the story of a man, this man being Jack London; this is his autobiography. But there is also another story, one that started before the first word of the novel had been written, one that ended only a very short time ago, long after the last sentence was completed. It is the story of the first Martin Eden.

Leaving his homeland, Sweden, where he had worked as a "gandy dancer" on the railroad tracks near the iron mines of Kiruna, Martin Eden, from Sollefteå, came to America over fifty years ago, and settled in Minnesota. He stayed there for only a short time, and then migrated to California, to Sonoma, which in Indian means Valley of the Moon.

This was to be his new home. Here he lived in a little house, earning his living by chopping wood for the nearby ranchers and helping them at harvest time; he was a handy man in the valley.

Martin wasn't a very talkative person,

and he didn't mingle with the people in the surrounding countryside. He was a very plain man, simple, coarse, unkempt. He had the roughness of a country road after rain. But beneath this cross-grained surface texture lay hidden his individual kindness and understanding. Since he had started work at an early age, his schooling was short and he had little opportunity to study reading or writing. He lived alone, keeping to himself, and it was no wonder the people in the valley called him the "peculiar Swede." During the seasonal crops, at fruit picking, chopping wood, or mending fences—that was the only time the people of Sonoma saw Martin Eden.

Then one day neighbors came. The Wake Robin Lodge, close to where Martin Eden lived, was to be occupied by a Jack London and his sister, Eliza Shepard. It wasn't long before the author made Martin's acquaintance, later giving him work to do around the place, for which he was paid good wages. The peculiarities of this man interested Jack London, and occasionally he would go over to his small house and talk to him. But Martin, not being much of a talker, would only sit there and grin, not offering much in the way of conversation.

Yet Jack London never forgot Martin Eden. In Honolulu, in the summer of 1907, he started to write a book, finishing it in February of the following year. The name of this book was *Martin Eden*. It first appeared serially in the *Pacific Monthly*, of Portland, Oregon, and immediately after its publication was hailed as a success all over America.

The author never told Martin he was going to use his name for the title of a book; it would have meant nothing to Martin if he had. He might have shrugged

his shoulders and rubbed his big hands together, perhaps wondering to himself why anyone should want to use his name on the cover of a book.

Years later, after the book bearing his name had become a best seller, Martin received a copy of Jack London's novel. It wasn't a new copy; it had been used and the pages were dog-eared. But his name, Martin Eden, was printed in large letters on the cover, and somehow or other this interested him. Even though he never read the book, he always kept it in an old box underneath his bed.

Sitting on the back step looking at him for the first time, London probably saw in Martin Eden his own beginning in a sort of symbolism. He wasn't necessarily writing about any one man; it was about himself. He just happened to like the name of this man from Sweden who had come and made his home in the lovely California valley, and saw no harm in using it.

The people in America weren't the only ones who went to the book stores and bought the novel *Martin Eden*. The Russians read it, and they too liked it. Also in Sweden the book became a best seller, although no one had any knowledge that the original bearer of the name, Martin Eden, was a Norrländer and had friends and relations there.

A translation of *Martin Eden* also came out in the Germany "before Hitler." But after the outbreak of the Second World War, the Third Reich banned the book, with many others, and in Berlin the pages were burned in a literary funeral pyre.

It may be said by some people that Martin Eden of Sonoma was a strange man. This might be so. Idiosyncrasies are to be found in many men; and madness . . . and genius . . . and just the little spark of wisdom which makes up a part of all people in all lands.

Some time ago, before his health began to fail, old Martin was burning the underbrush close to his home one evening. The glow and sparks from the fire reached high up in the dark Sonoma sky. The people in the vicinity left their houses to investigate; they brought out the fire engines. The whole community flocked toward the blaze.

When they arrived at the place they saw Martin running about, a chopping axe thrown across his shoulder and his habitual grin, wider than ever, filling up his whole face. To their questions of whether he was trying to set the entire valley afire, Martin answered heartily that he was only "having a Swedish *midsommarvaka*."

Martin Eden never married. When he died, May 31, 1943, in a Santa Rosa hospital where he had been taken from his home in Glen Ellen, Sonoma County, he was seventy-five years of age. His nearest neighbors, the Thompson family, looked after him during his last days. He used to gather flowers for the Thompson children, or just sit and watch them at their play.

Contrary to an obituary which appeared in a San Francisco newspaper, Martin Eden never sailed with Jack London. He perished at sea in the book. But the real Martin Eden was no sailor.

A man from Sweden lies buried among the trees in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery in Santa Rosa, California. Only a short distance away, beneath a stone of volcanic origin, rests another man, an American author, Jack London, who, for reasons of his own, has made the name of Martin Eden immortal. . . .

And as Carl Sandburg puts it:

"In the moonlight, who are they,
cross-legged, telling their stories over
and over?

"Is one of 'em Martin Eden. . . ."

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Seamen's Churches in Wartime

By HOPE STELZLE

I WON'T LEAVE while there is a single Norwegian seaman coming into this port." The pastor of a Norwegian Seamen's Church in a country now Axis-occupied was speaking, refusing to leave his post while there was yet time. When the seamen stopped coming, it was too late for him to leave. His church was bombed and he was put in an internment camp, from which, however, he was later released. In peacetime this pastor had the same compelling sense of responsibility toward his boys. If their small radios needed repairing, he would bring them from the ship to the repair shop himself. If a couple of very young seamen were leaving his house late at night after a little party, he would take them all the way back to their ship, to be sure they did not lose their way or fall into evil hands en route. "Well," he would say, almost apologetically, "they don't speak the language of the country; it's hard for them to manage these things for themselves."

Today, in countries unoccupied by the Axis, the work of the Norwegian Seamen's Churches is still going on. In spite of the war Christmas parties are still being held, and Christmas presents still being given out. Before the war, in twenty-five ports scattered over the world, ships' captains, before sailing on their Christmas voyages, went to the pastor of the local Norwegian Seamen's Church to ask for a present for each man in their crew. Many thousands of these presents had been sent out from Norway months before for distribution by the churches. They had been made or bought by Norwegian women, some of whom had never seen the sea, but all of whom, nevertheless, were staunch supporters of the Norwegian Seamen's Mission. Now that these presents can no longer come from Norway, they

are being given by Norwegians and others living elsewhere. Presents originating in countries greatly affected by war shortage represent real sacrifice on the part of the givers. These women will not disappoint the seamen who now, more than ever before, need the good cheer those presents bring.

The seamen's appreciation of the presents, and even more of the letter from the giver enclosed in each one, reveals the pathetic lack in their lives of what makes life worth living. One night in the *peisestue* of the Brooklyn church a seaman, hearing a girl's name mentioned, pulled out of his pocket the letter she had enclosed with a present two years before. "Are you Miss ? You sent me a present through the church in 1940. Here's the letter you sent with it." Then, shyly, "It's been back and forth across the Atlantic a good many times!" There was nothing in the much-travelled letter but some lines about Norway and a word of appreciation for the wonderful job the seamen were doing.

Letters of thanks come back from all over the world, perhaps three or four months after Christmas, for on a long voyage a man can't run down to the corner mail-box and post a letter as soon as it is written. The following paragraphs from a letter are not typical, for few seamen are as articulate as this one. But he expressed what all the seamen feel and try to say, each in his own fashion.

"There weren't many of us seamen who thought there would be anything festive or cozy about Christmas this year. Letters from home, which used to appear at Christmas time, we were sure we could scarcely receive this year. And Christmas presents? No. There was no use in even thinking of that! So we were delighted

when we, all of us here on board, got packages from Norwegian women and other friends of Norway in America.

"It was tremendously kind of you to think of us seafolk, and this year more than ever you may be sure we prize it very highly.

"From my people in Norway I have had only one letter since the war began. The town where we lived is practically levelled with the ground, and my youngest brother lost an arm in the war in Österdal. Yes, there is much to avenge when we get the chance. I know they say that vengeance belongs to God, but it would certainly be pleasant to help a little with it."

It is astonishing how long Christmas lasts in a Norwegian Seamen's Church. In other places Twelfth Night may mark the end of Christmas festivities, but in the Seamen's Churches they go on as long as a reasonable number of needles still remain on the Christmas tree. Three or four weeks after Christmas, ships are still coming in with crews who have had no chance to celebrate Christmas properly, with a tree and carols, *julekake* and coffee, and—last but not least—a few nice girls to make the party homelike. Even though the tree may have lost some of its original glamour, the strings of Norwegian flags and the shining star at its top still speak of home to the men who have come off the ships, hoping they have reached port in time for just one Christmas *fest* this year.

But Christmas celebrations are just one facet of the Seamen's Churches' many activities. Most of them, in whatever country they may be, have services on Sunday mornings and a sightseeing trip or picnic in the afternoon. Seamen will often take from their wallets a well-worn snapshot—not of their family, though they do that, too—not of some magnificent specimen of architecture that they have seen on their travels—but a picture taken on a picnic arranged by one of the Seamen's Churches, maybe five years ago, in

a park near London, on the coast of Normandy, in the New Jersey woods. They remember these simple pleasures with a delight which landsmen with their homes and families and normal social life cannot begin to understand.

Several evenings a week there are devotional meetings or a *fest*, and on the remaining ones the reading room is made cozy with radio or phonograph music, coffee, billiards, Chinese checkers, jig-saw puzzles, and so on. Desks, stationery, pen and ink are always available. A banking service provides a safe place for the seamen's money where they can deposit it even during hours when commercial banks are closed, and thus avoid the many snares that separate a sailor from his hard-earned pay. There is storage space where baggage may be kept while the men are away on their hazardous voyages.

Seamen in hospitals are visited regularly by the pastor and his assistants, and many hundreds of visits are made annually on board the ships, scattered as they are, in many cities, over a vast area of the harbor. The boys are invited to church, are given reading matter, and have a chance to pour into a sympathetic ear whatever may be on their minds.

Although some of the seamen now show the effect of wartime strain, most of them display an unbelievable nonchalance. It is hard to say whether this goes deeper than the surface. About to set out on a voyage from which they quite possibly will not return, they still find time and thought for vastly unimportant matters. For example, one summer night a small kitten wandered into a meeting in the Brooklyn Church. After the meeting everyone was wondering what to do with it, for it was obviously astray and hungry. A giant seaman, young and blond, picked it up in one huge hand and tucked it inside his shirt, with only its tiny head sticking out from between two of the buttons. The seaman was enchanted. "I take him on board," he said. "They told me to bring back a kitten when I came ashore

tonight, and he'll do fine." So the kitten sailed for England with the rest of the crew.

It is doubtless this very attitude which helps preserve a more or less normal state of mental health in the midst of otherwise intolerable anxiety. Danger to themselves seems to mean little. They come back from being torpedoed, from drifting on a raft for days on end, sometimes injured or so exhausted that they have to be hospitalized, but all they say is: "Yes, we had a torpedo. I'm shipping out again as soon as I can."

It is the uncertainty about those back home in Norway that worries them far more than the risks they themselves run. It is so long since many of them have had word. That is, to them, the worst of what they must endure from the war. And when word does come through it is not always a message of good cheer. The following incident was told by a fellow-officer of the man concerned.

"It was on Christmas Eve 1941, and we lay at Melbourne. The discharging had been completed at noon and everything was set for having a good Christmas Eve with the traditional turkey and all the rest. At seven o'clock in the evening all we officers went to the Saloon where we were to have dinner with the captain. When we had sat down and had the first drink, the captain said he had a Christmas gift for the second engineer, namely a letter from the U.S.A. The 2nd sat beside me; he was a nice, quiet man, twenty-five years old. He began to read his letter and in the meantime we ate and drank and were in a fine mood. We soon forgot about the engineer and his letter. Suddenly I saw him turn pale and clench his fists to control himself. When I asked him what was wrong, he told me that the letter was from

his father in Norway and it had been sent through some friends in America. His father wrote that during the German bombardment of R....., a bomb hit their home and killed his mother and both his sisters, so he had only his father alive. His father also told him that when the invaders attacked H....., his fiancée and her sister were killed.

"I suggested that he leave the party, but he said he wouldn't spoil the evening. 'I am the first of us to hear from home since the Germans occupied Norway and if the others learn what happened to my family they will probably expect similar news from home.' And so he stayed with us till eleven o'clock, when he rose and said he had to leave because he didn't feel well."

It is the privilege of the Seamen's Churches to try to make up to the seamen in some small measure for the home life which they miss so sorely, especially in wartime.

Danish and Swedish, Finnish and Icelandic sailors look on the Norwegian Seamen's Churches as their own in cities where no church of their own nationality exists, but sometimes the boys bring their "foreign" shipmates, as well, to a *fest*. It is quite disconcerting, after addressing a sentence in painstaking Norwegian to the boy beside one, to have him brightly reply in English colored, perhaps, with a strong Cockney or Irish accent. They pick up enough Norwegian on the ships to have a general idea of what is going on, and even if they haven't, they enjoy sitting with their Scandinavian friends, listening to good music and drinking coffee. And they understand the universal language of hospitality which is spoken in all Norwegian Seamen's Churches, wherever they may be.

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THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



DENMARK

WHEN THE HISTORY OF the Second World War shall be written, August 29, 1943, will not only mark the end of a period of indecision and the beginning of the resurrection of Denmark and her people, it will also stand out as a triumph of democracy. For what is democracy, to quote an old Chinese sage, but a house where the people are the hosts and the rulers the guests. The hosts always live in their home, while guests may be invited to stay or asked to leave. Denmark is a democracy—a constitutional monarchy—where the people are the hosts. They vote and elect their representatives to parliament, while the King as the non-political representative of his people—a kind of supreme host—invites the rulers, the members of the Government, from the majority elected by the people. And guests may be invited to stay or asked to leave!

On April 9 King Christian bid the Government stay. The Germans were in the country and no election could possibly be held in which the people could express their approval or disapproval, as might be, of the rulers and the policies that had led to the surrender. All changes that have taken place since that day within the Danish Government have been made in accordance with German demands. They wanted, looked for, and got collaboration from certain men of their choice. The elections last March were not an expression of confidence in the Government. They were an expression of confidence in democracy, and as such a direct disapproval of the Germans and their collaborators in Denmark.

But still the rulers were not asked to leave. For under cover of the collaboration between the enemy and certain elements

of the Government in Copenhagen, the dynamic forces of the people—of the living democracy—were at work, preparing for the day of resurrection, forging the iron glove, the weapons necessary for open revolt against the oppressors.

WITH THE GROWING GERMAN TYRANNY during these three years, resistance has increased in Denmark. The people were willing to fight and willing to die for their freedom all along. But they wanted to make absolutely sure that their fight, their contribution in the world-wide struggle for liberty, would not be made in vain. To this end they have waited patiently for the zero hour to strike. They have obeyed the wishes of the supreme command of the United Nations not to revolt too early and thereby spoil careful preparations, and that alone has been a very difficult and nerve-wracking struggle.

WHEN THE SWEDISH GOVERNMENT announced on August 5 that transportation of German troops in transit to and from Norway and Finland via Swedish territory would be halted August 20 and the movement of German war materials would be discontinued August 15, the zero hour struck in Denmark. And the Danes were ready with one of the best organized underground forces on the Continent.

The Swedish move came as a paralyzing blow to the German communication lines to Norway at a time when Germany was suffering serious setbacks in Russia and in the Mediterranean, and under a growing threat of an Allied invasion. Germany was now forced either to send troops and over Kattegat and Skagerrak where Baltic, through the Belts and the Sound and over Kattegat and Skagerrak where Allied fliers regularly are sowing new and dangerous minefields, or to send them by rail up through the Jutland peninsula to

Frederikshavn and from there by boat over the Skagerrak to Norway. The strategic importance of the Danish main railroad from the Danish border north via Fredericia—Horsens—Aarhus—Aalborg—to Frederikshavn was suddenly increased many fold, and Danish patriots immediately set to work. Trains were derailed, bridges blown up, tracks torn up, round-houses set afire or blasted with time bombs; locomotives began to explode, and trains were delayed, while the sabotage at the same time grew from single acts to a country wide campaign against anything useful to the Germans. Electrical power plants, transformer stations, metal shops, machine shops, aluminum plants, and other industrial enterprises such as shipyards and repair shops were sabotaged from the Skaw to Gjedser, from Esbjerg to Copenhagen.

The Germans immediately began to make reprisals. The German Minister to Denmark, Werner Best, demanded that all Danish saboteurs should be handed over to the German authorities and sentenced according to German "law" to serve their punishment in prisons in Germany. After negotiations back and forth the Germans withdrew their demand, but the news was made known throughout Denmark via the radio from England and caused widespread strikes all over the country. Esbjerg and Aalborg were the scenes of general strikes, and in Odense street fighting broke out between the Danes and the German soldiers. Martial law was declared by the Germans and the sabotage grew to such a degree that no fewer than sixty factories, shops, and plants were destroyed with bombs in one night.

A PROCLAMATION WAS ISSUED BY THE King and the Government on August 21 asking the people to refrain from sabotage against German war industries and communications, and the people were told that the importation of food (this must

have had an ironic sound) and coal would be stopped if the disturbances went on. This would have destructive effects on the life of the country. The proclamation ended with the words that the Government would do everything in its power to create more stable conditions in Denmark.

The same day between 40,000 and 50,000 German troops moved into Copenhagen. All food disappeared from the shops and German tanks patrolled the streets. Six more towns, Middelfart, Svendborg, Odense, Aarhus, Aalborg, and Korsør were placed under martial law. In Copenhagen the Germans requisitioned several buildings and schools as barracks for the troops, among them the city's largest assembly hall, the Forum, with a seating capacity of 16,000. On August 24 a number of powerful bombs were smuggled into the hall by Danish saboteurs who had hidden the bombs in a truck load of beer. The whole building caved in and burned while the explosions could be heard all over Copenhagen.

Meanwhile the German Minister to Denmark, Werner Best, went to Berlin for instructions. He returned to Copenhagen on August 28 with a German ultimatum demanding that the Danish Government should impose martial law over the whole country under its own authority. At five p.m. the Germans severed all communications with Sweden. They had then already taken over full military police control in at least ten Danish towns.

KING CHRISTIAN, during a cabinet meeting, at which Crown Prince Frederik also was present, informed the members of the Government that under no circumstances would he sign a declaration of martial law, and that he would abdicate should the Government try to do so without his signature. The King spoke in his capacity as the highest representative of his people, and the true voice of the Danish people spoke through him. The time of inde-

cision and collaboration was a thing of the past. Denmark had taken her stand, and August 29 dawned with the resurrection of the country and her people.

At 4:10 in the morning the German Commander in Denmark, General Hermann von Hanneken, issued his proclamation of German martial law which was broadcast by the German controlled Danish radio. The proclamation stated that the Danish authorities were no longer able to maintain order and that military law was declared for all of Denmark in accordance with Articles 42 to 56 of the Hague Land War Regulations. All civil servants were to continue their work loyally, and take orders from the Germans. Assemblies of more than five persons were forbidden in private as well as in public. Curfew was fixed from dusk to dawn and all civil communications were prohibited. All strikes were forbidden, and incitement to strike would be punished by death. Finally, the proclamation stated that all infringements of these regulations would be met with ruthless use of arms. The closing paragraph said: "Every Danish citizen who obeys these martial regulations based on international agreements is assured of the inviolability of person and property within the framework of the law."

But the Germans had missed the boat.

EARLY IN THE MORNING, before the Germans had issued their decree, a lone figure hurried through the streets of Copenhagen. He reached the offices of the Navy Department undetected by the Germans, and sent his message to the Danish fleet. And the message that was sent to the fleet by the chief of naval operations, Vice Admiral H. A. Vedel, was short and to the point: "Now or never! Proceed to Sweden, or scuttle the ships."

Reports from Stockholm stated that 45 Danish warships of various types, including Denmark's two coastal defense cruisers of 3,800 tons, the *Niels Juel* and *Peder*

Skram, two new destroyers, and nine submarines were sunk; ammunition dumps were blown up, and the harbor fortifications wrecked. German troops tried to prevent the destruction but fought in vain against the Danish sailors and officers who put up a heroic battle and fought to the last bullet. The fighting and the explosions were heard clear across the Sound to Sweden. Nine Danish naval ships, including small destroyers, swept out of the harbor and reached Sweden, while the light cruiser *Niels Juel* was sunk by a German torpedo plane.

In Copenhagen fighting broke out at Amalienborg, the King's palace, and at the barracks of the Royal Guard when the Germans tried to force an entrance. The Danish garrisons fought at Næstved on Sjælland, and at Odense and Svendborg on Fünen, and the fighting did not stop before the ammunition was exhausted. At Svendborg the Danish troops were under the command of Prince Gorm, a nephew of King Christian, who afterwards escaped to Sweden. King Christian was interned at the palace of Sorgenfri at Lyngby, while officers of the army and navy were interned, some in Copenhagen and others at Elsinore.

THE SCAVENIUS CABINET, immediately following the German decree of martial law, presented its resignation to the King. The Germans tried their best to avoid the responsibility of taking over the administration and tried to persuade Scavenius to form a new Government, an offer Scavenius declined—perhaps owing to the fact that he would not have been able to find enough followers for a venture of that kind.

The Germans began immediately to arrest people in order to neutralize Denmark's social and cultural life and thereby minimize the danger of growing resistance. Members of the Danish royal house were placed under immediate arrest. Several of the professors at the University

and colleges of Copenhagen, prominent members of the political parties, and a great number of newspaper men were arrested. Most of these were later released.

The German rule, however, did not stop the sabotage which is continuing even now on an ever widening scale. A considerable number of German soldiers have been killed and are being killed, especially during the almost nightly clashes between Danes and the German guards on the railroad line along the Jutland east coast. The city of Copenhagen has been fined 5,000,000 kroner and Odense 1,000,000 kroner. The mayors wisely protested against the fines as being in violation of the very Hague Land War Regulations under which Germany declared her military rule for all of Denmark.

Here in America, Secretary of State Hull issued a statement on September 2 in which he said in part: "Recent events in Denmark are an eloquent reminder that German rule in any circumstance is intolerable to a free and democratic people. . . . Germany has gained another brutal and illusive 'victory' over a defenseless country. The resistance of the Danish King and people to German domination will give new heart and encouragement to all peoples of Nazi subjugated Europe."

Throughout the month of September and perhaps even later the German Minister to Denmark tried—and tried in vain—to persuade King Christian to authorize some sort of new government. The King's answer has been a steadfast No—there could be no Government without the Rigsdag, and the Rigsdag the Germans had dissolved. General von Hanneken has declared King Christian his prisoner, and the King is quoted as saying: "First they make me a prisoner, and then they come to me and expect me to help them." And it is reported from Sweden that the King, on the way to internment at Sorgenfri palace, where his mail and all visitors are inspected by the Germans, had an opportunity to say a couple of words to a

group of Danes who gathered around his car. "I am happy to hear that Danish is still spoken in my old country. Go on with that." These few words spread throughout the country and were taken as the King's blessing on continued resistance and sabotage.

DENMARK HAS ENTERED with these events into the group of nations which are at war with Germany, and having in mind the conditions in other German occupied countries, it is clear that she has not entered upon an easy path. Where the Germans are the physical masters, no law counts and no German promises can be trusted. In direct violation of the Hague Convention, a reign of terror against the Danish population of Jewish descent soon began under the leadership of the German hangman Curt Daluge—former assistant to Heinrich Heydrich, who was exterminated in Czechoslovakia in 1942.

The pogrom began with German civilians spreading rumors of the coming persecutions. On September 30 thousands of Gestapo agents, S.S. troops, and a number of troops specially trained in inhuman brutality began their man hunt in Copenhagen, and according to dispatches from Stockholm more than 1600 Jews were ticketed for deportation—or in other words for the most hideous slavery and death in German work camps and execution chambers. Three German transport ships arrived in the roads of Copenhagen harbor, but two of them were reported seriously damaged by Danish patriots, outraged over the German atrocities.

The Synagogue in Krystalgade in Copenhagen, where King Christian had attended service at its centennial during the German occupation, was burned down by the Germans. Gestapo and S.S. troops forced their way into the Jewish Home for the Aged. The offices of the Jewish congregation were searched and looted and their sacred scrolls destroyed. Jews

were arrested in their homes, in hospitals, in the streets, on street cars, and in trains. And an exodus of refugees began over the Sound that separates Sweden from Denmark.

The Danish police protested to the German Commander against the Gestapo activities. But von Hanneken like Pilate washed his hands and said that he knew nothing about it. Danish fishermen transported a great number of Denmark's Jews to Sweden—and it is reported that many Germans could be bribed to help the fleeing Jews.

NOTES OF PROTEST have been sent to the German authorities by all major organizations in Denmark. The five coalition parties of the Rigsdag stated in a common note: "Danish Jews are a living part of our nation. The persecutions are in conflict with the traditional Danish sense of justice." The Danish Bishops wrote a pastoral letter which was read in all the churches of Denmark. It said in part: Irrespective of religious divergencies, we shall all fight to secure for our Jewish sisters and brethren that same liberty which we regard as dearer than life itself.

According to the latest information received from Sweden, 8,000 Danish and Jewish refugees have now arrived in Sweden, where many of them already have been employed. Among the refugees should be mentioned Denmark's two world famous scientists, the Nobel Prize winner, Professor Niels Bohr and his brother, Professor Harald Bohr.

One of the refugees who has arrived safely in Sweden reports that King Christian at a conference with the Primate of the Danish State Church, Bishop Fuglsang Damgaard—who is now placed under house arrest by the Germans—gave the bishop the following message: "Tell everyone that peace is on its way. We have allies in other countries who are fighting for our cause. Let everyone know that so long as the Germans are in this

country I will sign no decree forming a new Danish Government. What I have signed so far has been forced. God protect you all. God protect Denmark."



ICELAND

AS A UNIVERSITY CAMPUS a large area to the south of Reykjavik was set aside some years ago. Gradually this is being built up. The first building was a Students' Home. In 1940 the new University Building and Library were completed. Later a Research Building was opened, and on July 30 another Students' Home was taken into use. The students have themselves collected money for both their Homes from various sources. Anyone who gave 10,000 kronur was listed as the donor of a room and was privileged to dedicate it to the memory of someone whom he wished thus to honor. Many of the counties have each financed a room, stipulating that a student from that region should have precedence in the use of it.

A CINEMA HAS BEEN OPENED by the University. It is used in the mornings for lectures and class work, but in the evenings as a public motion picture house. This has turned out to be quite a lucrative undertaking, and the profit is applied to various kinds of research work not otherwise provided for. In general, however, the expenses of the University are defrayed from government funds.

WHEN THE WAR BEGAN the universities on the Continent of Europe were closed to Icelandic youth. The University of Iceland then opened a number of new courses, especially in economics, commerce, and engineering, so that the young people should be able to put in their time to advantage. The courses in engineering, however, are only intended to be prelim-

inary. To take a degree it would be necessary to go abroad and finish there.

In a small community with a small teaching staff there is danger that isolation may result in making the instruction stale and out of date. But education abroad is expensive, especially now. Icelanders have therefore been very grateful for the generous attitude of American universities which have offered free tuition and scholarships to Icelandic students. The first of those who came to the United States are already back and doing good work, and all of them are grateful to and enthusiastic about the United States and its great institutions of learning.

VERY SATISFACTORY TECHNICAL progress has taken place in Iceland, in spite of the war. A number of new hydroelectric plants have been opened and two of the biggest of the existing plants, in Reykjavik and Akureyri, have been greatly expanded. Most of the machinery has come from the United States, but owing to difficulties in procuring metal, a number of ingenious substitutions have been made, for instance concrete is used for tubes and other things usually made of steel. As soon as the war is over there are plans to extend the electric system so that it will be available also to the farming population, but this must wait until copper is back in peacetime use.

THE HEATING PLANT of Reykjavik was expected to be ready for use in October. Natural hot water is piped into town for about twelve miles and linked up with the central heating systems of the individual houses. This project, which has been talked of for several years, has been dogged by misfortune. The material was originally ordered from Denmark. About two-thirds of it was awaiting shipment when Denmark was invaded. The British promised safe passage for the ships carrying it, and the Germans did the same, but again and again broke their promise,

even when the material was already on board neutral ships. The result is that this material is still in Denmark. Iceland had to buy a new supply in the United States, but a great deal of this material was on a ship which was torpedoed, thus putting off the completion of the plant for another year.

Great expectations are bound up with this natural hot water system, because after the water has passed through the pipes of the houses, it will still be hot enough for swimming baths, which have great curative qualities, and for heating greenhouses in which each family can grow fruit for its own use. A small section of Reykjavik has already enjoyed natural hot water for twelve years and one family there has already raised three generations of excellent bananas, besides other less exotic produce.

A TRADE AGREEMENT between Iceland and the United States of America was signed on August 27 by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Vilhjalmur Thor, and the United States Minister in Reykjavik, Mr. Leland B. Morris. The agreement, which came into force on November 19, 1943, is valid for three years, but remains in force until it is terminated by a written notice of six months, at any time after the first term of three years. Both countries lower their import duty on a number of articles of interest to the other country and grant each other most-favored-nation treatment.

THE TRADE BALANCE of Iceland with foreign countries in the first half of 1943 showed an import of 120 million kronur and an export of 110 million kronur. The exports to Great Britain have decreased slightly, but those to United States have increased by 125 per cent. The imports from Britain have declined sharply, but those from the United States and Canada have increased greatly.



LIVING CONDITIONS IN occupied Norway are becoming increasingly precarious as a result of the reckless plundering of the country's food supplies and the heedless brutality to which the unarmed, helpless population is constantly being subjected in all parts of the country. But in spite of the terroristic methods employed by the German enemy, the determined resistance of the patriotic home front remains unbroken after three and a half years of struggle. Reports via the underground grapevine indicate that the outlook for this winter is dark indeed. Food rations are becoming increasingly limited. Even fish is difficult to obtain and prices are exorbitant. Norway's extensive fisheries, formerly among the world's greatest, are largely stagnant owing to lack of oil and gasoline for operating the motorized fishing fleet.

The German soldiers, numbering approximately 200,000 men, and thousands of German civilians serving as part of the occupying forces, enjoy priority rights over all food supplies, leaving what is over, if any, and that of the poorest quality, to the Norwegians. This is apart from the large shipments of food sent regularly to Germany. "Everything has an end," as the saying is, and the time is rapidly approaching in Norway when there will be no more food for the German enemy to plunder. When that time comes somebody is going to suffer severely, and it will not be the Germans. The occupying authorities and the Wehrmacht will take care of themselves first—as is fitting in the friends who came to protect—while the Norwegian population will be left to face the specter of starvation.

THE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT IN EXILE in London has since 1940 built up a considerable combat force of land troops, a powerful naval fleet of small and me-

dium-sized warships, and a well equipped and well trained air force of high striking power. In cooperation with the British Royal Navy and to some extent with the British and American air forces, the Norwegian combat forces have valiantly participated in fighting the enemy on sea and in the air, in the Atlantic, in the Arctic Ocean, on the North Sea, in the Mediterranean, and other parts of the world.

In the fighting the Norwegian corvette fleet has performed particularly noteworthy service in convoying merchant ships on the high seas and along the coasts of Britain. The Royal Norwegian Air Force, based in England, has taken part with honor in the frequent raids over Germany and occupied France. Along the coast of Norway it has struck terror to the Germans by air raids over German controlled industrial plants in the south and bombing of German installations in the far north.

Thus Norway is giving a good account of itself as a fighting force among the United Nations against the common enemy. And in this connection the outstanding contribution to victory of the Norwegian merchant marine must not be lost sight of in the glamour of military victories on the world's battle fronts. The Norwegian merchant seamen have given and continue to give their full share of devotion to the cause of freedom and the democratic way of life.

An example of the successful collaboration of the Norwegian and British combat forces was made public by the Norwegian Government in Exile in the middle of September. A strong German naval force proceeding from a base in northern Norway attacked the Norwegian-British garrison on Svalbard. A force of not much more than 100 men had held this Norwegian island group in the Arctic Ocean since the spring of 1942 when the Germans, who had occupied the islands, were driven out under Norwegian and British gunfire. In the early part of September this year the Germans, with a greatly

superior force, including battleships, tried to retake the islands, but were forced to flee with considerable loss of life and damage to their ships.

IN A FUTILE EFFORT TO SUPPRESS sabotage and other patriotic underground activities, the German terror has been continued during the last quarter with merciless vengeance. During the night of October 8 the night train on the way from Oslo to Kristiansand ran into what evidently was a big charge of "planted" explosives on the tracks. The passengers were German soldiers and Norwegian civilians. The ensuing explosion killed two German soldiers. None of the perpetrators of the sabotage, if sabotage it was, could be found. Thereupon the Germans arrested five hostages charged with complicity in the crime.

These five victims, all well-known, respected members of their communities, declared under oath that they had had nothing to do, either directly or indirectly, with the attempt to wreck the train and had no knowledge of the identity of the perpetrators. Nevertheless, they were sentenced to death and shot on the morning of October 13. The five martyrs are: Alf Johnsen, director; Reidar Furu, chief of accounts; Thomas Agnes, district engineer of the State Railways, all from the city of Drammen; Anders Johansen, fuel master, and Arthur Simensen, railway laborer, both from Mjöndalen.

The attempt to wreck the train occurred in the Mjöndalen district near Drammen. About sixty persons were arrested in Drammen and the adjacent districts of Lier and Eiker. Among the arrested were some of Drammen's leading citizens. The identity of those who placed the high explosives on the railway tracks remains at this writing an enigma.

THE REGIME OF GERMAN TERROR has likewise spattered the Norwegian countryside with a trail of blood. During Au-

gust and September the occupying authorities murdered eleven patriots on charges ranging from sabotage and complicity in sabotage to an "attitude of enmity toward the Germans"—as though anything else could be expected from any but traitors. The eleven victims, executed by shooting, were men from the districts of Persfjord, Lövik, Berlevaag, and Kongsfjord in northern Norway. In addition to these martyrs two women and one man were given long prison sentences as follows: Dagny Lö from Lövik, 15 years; Ruth Sivertsen from Berlevaag, 8 years; Öivind Sivertsen, Berlevaag, 10 years.

Up to the beginning of November and since 1942 the total number of Norwegian patriots murdered by the Germans and officially announced as executed was 189. Of these, 57 have been shot in reprisal for alleged crimes committed by others. Fifteen of the 57 were killed for no other reason than the flimsy charge of having shown an attitude of enmity toward the invaders. Eighteen of the victims were young men caught in an attempt to escape to England. Some were executed in the spring of 1942 in reprisal for the killing of several Gestapo agents in the Televaag uprising. Of the 34 patriots who were executed in Trondheim in October 1942, accused of sabotage, twenty-four were charged with transporting arms, and the other ten victims were murdered without proof of hostile activity.

The total number of 189 executed patriots made public by the Germans is known to be far too low. A considerable number of men have been shot in cold blood by Gestapo agents and an unknown number have been shot behind prison walls on orders from the German military courts, the facts in each case being suppressed. The actual number of murdered victims of German ruthlessness and brutality is without doubt far above 200.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE TERMINATION of the much criticized transit traffic over

the Swedish railways of German troops and supplies was received by the Norwegian Government in Exile and by patriotic Norwegians everywhere with satisfaction. The transit traffic over Sweden had been regarded by Norwegians with bitterness. To their credit it must be said that the Swedish people generally were opposed to it, and the press in Sweden was practically unanimous in condemning the arrangement. The termination of the traffic ended a source of unpleasant friction between the two Northern neighbor nations.

In connection therewith Trygve Lie, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Norwegian Government in Exile in London, said: "On the Norwegian side we have followed with pleasure the development in our relations with Sweden. The fact that Baron von Beck-Friis has resumed his position as Sweden's official representative accredited to the King and the Norwegian Government has been received with satisfaction. And now comes the report that the German transit through Sweden has come to an end. By this action the Swedish Government has swept away one of the greatest difficulties which stood as a barrier against a friendly and trustful collaboration between our two nations."

GERMAN FEAR OF AN ALLIED INVASION of Norway continues unabated, despite rumors from Berlin that Hitler now regards Norway as a white elephant on his hands. Coastal fortifications in the Oslo Fjord have recently been greatly strengthened. All the island groups at the mouth of the fjord are heavily guarded. A strong coast fort has been erected on an island outside of Fredrikstad and at all coastal fortifications troops are being trained to repel Allied landing forces.

Along the northwest Atlantic coast and in the far north additional mine fields have been laid out to such an extent that the German controlled steam-

ship traffic has been assigned new and safer sailing routes along the entire coast. This is causing much delay in the regular route traffic for passengers and freight. The situation, Norwegian pilots say, proves that the Germans in Norway have no knowledge of seamanship and the requirements of safe navigation.

The city of Fredrikstad on the east side of the Oslo Fjord about sixty-five miles south of Oslo has recently been strongly fortified. Several streets running down to the Glommen River have been closed by heavy concrete walls mounting rapid fire artillery. Many streets near the harbor are barricaded with barbed wire entanglements designed to trap invading forces.

In the far north, especially at Tromsö, where there is a German U-boat lair, many of the U-boat crews have mutinied by refusing to go to sea. Several crew members have been shot, others have been sent to concentration camps to await court-martial. German shipping between Tromsö and Petsamo has been considerably reduced owing to trouble with U-boat crews and a lack of Norwegian pilots. From all reports it is obvious that the Germans in Norway are becoming more and more apathetic and have lost all hope of a German victory.

The fall of Mussolini was received by all freedom loving Norwegians with rejoicing. It was regarded as a good omen pointing to Norway's early liberation. Eager crowds gathered outside the newspaper offices in Oslo to read the bulletins announcing the cheering news. German troops dispersed the crowds.

THE ARREST AND INCARCERATION of all Norwegian army and navy officers who had remained in Norway, many of them older men retired on pension, is another link in the German activity stemming from nervousness. The Germans feared that the officers, in case of a successful invasion by Allied forces, would

organize all men of military age in Norway, including all who had not been mobilized in 1940 at the time of the German invasion, and join the Allies in liberating the country from the Germans.

All the arrested officers were assembled at Hvalsmoen training camp in Ringerike. More than 700 of the officers were quartered in a large cavalry hall. Several were over 70 and some over 80 years of age. In order to be released the Germans demanded that all officers individually sign a declaration guaranteeing that they would refrain from participating in any military, political, or social activity of any kind against the Wehrmacht or the occupying authorities. All the officers refused to sign the document, which would have been tantamount to treason against Norway. Thereupon they were ordered transported to Germany. According to the latest reports, they were taken to an officers' prison camp at Schocken in Posen. Lieutenant Asle Enger, minister of Piperviken parish church in Oslo, accompanied his banished fellow officers in the capacity of field chaplain.

Several noncommissioned officers were also included in the banishment order. Among these was an old sergeant, Stenersen, who had not been in the army since prior to 1905 when he served in a king's guard company at the royal palace in Stockholm, when Norway and Sweden had a king in common. A number of Norwegian policemen who refused to arrest the military officers were themselves arrested.

ARRESTS OF PROFESSORS, tutors, and about forty students of the University of Oslo occurred early in October as a result of a controversy regarding conditions of admittance to the University. Nine professors were arrested. They are Professors Magnus Olsen, Sverre Steen, Eiliv Skard, Odd Hassel, Anatol Eintz, Carl J. Arnholt, Kristen Andersen, Björn Föyn, and Harald Schjelderup. Two of the tutors arrested were Johan Schreiner and

Johannes Andenæs. The immediate occasion was that the "minister-president," Vidkun Quisling, and his "ministers" have attempted to force adoption by the University authorities of new matriculation rules, which the leading scholars as well as students hold to be a lowering of educational standards and which they therefore refuse to obey.



Johan Ludvig Mowinckel

FORMER PRIME MINISTER MOWINCKEL died September 30 in New York, where he has been living since 1942. After the invasion of Norway, when he had to flee the country, he became minister without portfolio in the Norwegian Government with residence in Stockholm.

Johan Ludvig Mowinckel was born in Bergen in 1870 and after extensive studies at home, in England, and on the Continent, settled in his native city where he built up a successful shipping business. In 1906 he was elected to the Storting and thus began a very distinguished career in political life. He was

president of the Liberal Party, and was three times prime minister and foreign minister of Norway.

Mowinckel was not only a patriotic Norwegian but was deeply interested in inter-Scandinavian cooperation and in international relations as a whole. He was a member of the Nobel Committee of the Storting which awards the Peace Prize, was president of the Norwegian group in the Interparliamentary Union, and active in the society Norden and other cultural organizations. He was much sought as a popular speaker.

In 1925 he was elected a delegate to the League of Nations and was twice president of the Norwegian delegation. As early as September 1933 he warned the Assembly of the League of Nations that war was imminent.

ANDERS FRIHAGEN, MINISTER of Supply and Rehabilitation in the Norwegian Government in Exile, arrived in the United States in October in connection with affairs of his department and as one of twelve Norwegian delegates to the meeting of the United Nations' Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Norway's Ambassador to Washington, Wilhelm Morgenstierne, is also a delegate. The meeting began its sessions at Atlantic City on November 10.



SWEDEN

THE GERMAN TERROR in Denmark, directed especially against the Jews, caused a wave of public horror and anger in Sweden, and scores of editorials protesting the "bestial actions" of the Nazis appeared in newspapers of every political color all over the country. On October 1 the Swedish Minister in Berlin, Arvid Richert, informed the German authorities that the measures planned against the Jews in Denmark would cause serious repercussions in Swe-

den, and at the same time he conveyed an offer of the Swedish Government to admit to Sweden all Danish Jews. To this offer of the Swedish Government to admit made any reply one month later.

In the meantime a mass flight of Danish Jews to Sweden took place. Prior to the outbreak of the terror, about 700 managed to get over to Sweden, but in the following weeks a total of about 8,000 Danes succeeded in fleeing across the Öresund. Of this number between 6,000 and 7,000 were Jews. Some had used rowboats or fishing smacks, while others even tried to swim across. Most of the refugees arrived at Helsingborg, but others landed at Landskrona and Malmö. Though without passports or permits of any kind, the refugees were received in Sweden with hospitality. Food and clothing were provided by the sympathetic population. Housing assistance was organized by the Swedish authorities, aided by the "Lotta" Corps, as well as by Jewish organizations in Sweden.

The head of the Swedish Government's Social Welfare Board, Karl Höjer, personally went to southern Sweden to supervise the arrangements. All legal formalities were made as simple as possible. Those Jewish refugees who had relatives or friends in Sweden were allowed to join them. For others, temporary shelters were provided in two ancient castles near Landskrona. To show their patriotism, most of the refugees wore the King Christian pin. The majority were teen-age boys and girls, but some were aged people.

BEFORE LEAVING DENMARK the refugees said they lived in terror like hunted animals. Many of them were in urgent need of medical care. Among those who arrived safely were several Danish policemen of Jewish stock. The Swedish Society Save the Children started a special collection of clothing and other necessities, and an official drive for money in Helsingborg brought in 40,000 kronor the first day. On Sunday, October 3, the iron and

steel workers at Avesta, in central Sweden, passed a resolution commending the Swedish Government for its offer to receive all Danish Jews in Sweden so as to save them from deportation to German concentration camps in Poland and other places. On the same day a congress of civil service employees in Stockholm adopted a similar resolution, expressing sympathy with the Danish Jews. Special prayers were held on October 7 in all Stockholm churches for the refugees. "Those responsible for the bestial actions in Denmark have placed themselves outside the human community," said Dean Olle Nystedt in his sermon in the Stockholm Cathedral. The students of the University of Gothenburg published a resolution in which they expressed deep indignation at the events in Denmark and commended the offer of the Swedish Government to give asylum to all Danish refugees. The City of Stockholm appropriated 100,000 kronor for their aid, while all Swedish railroads, whether Government or privately owned, offered them free transportation. To raise money a joint drive was started by more than twenty of Sweden's leading national organizations. The list included the inter-Scandinavian society Norden, the Cooperatives, the Labor Union Federation, the Employers' National Organization, the Workers' Educational Society, which in itself represents a number of national bodies.

In regard to the German anti-Jewish persecution in Denmark, *Svenska Dagbladet* recalled what Dr. Goebbels had promised: that before being defeated, Nazism would shake the world. The paper then asked: "Have the Germans now started to carry out this threat? They have, in fact, lost the war morally long before the final military decision. For some time a widening abyss of terror and hatred has threatened to isolate Germany from the rest of the world. Its leaders must be blind if they do not understand the feeling of abhorrence that is steadily increasing in neutral Sweden."

As TOLD BY HIS EXCELLENCY Minister Boström in his article in this number, a preliminary appropriation of 100,000,000 kronor to be used in post-war rehabilitation work in Europe, particularly in the ravaged Northern countries, was asked on October 18 of the Swedish Riksdag by the Government through the Minister of Finance, Ernst Wigforss. In a statement accompanying the request, Mr. Wigforss sketched a plan for Sweden's participation in the post-war rehabilitation. This plan, he said, was based on the fervent desire of the Swedish people to take part in this work, particularly as Sweden so far has been spared from devastation. The wish to aid the Northern countries first, he continued, was only natural in view of the many ties which link these countries to Sweden. Furthermore, he said, Sweden's geographical situation is such that it facilitates the delivery of relief materials to the other Northern countries. At the same time, he added, Sweden desires to be of aid to other countries in Europe that have been stricken by the war.

For the purpose of centralizing and coordinating Sweden's post-war relief work, the Minister of Finance proposed the creation of a special Government Commission, which will work in close collaboration with the Swedish Foreign Office. He also expressed the Government's hope that the Swedish Red Cross and other private organizations of a similar kind would prepare for participation on a large scale in the post-war rehabilitation. He suggested that this advance work should be coordinated under the guidance of specially appointed representatives of the Swedish Government.

"The ultimate scope of Sweden's relief work can be determined only in connection with Sweden's post-war economic position," the Finance Minister said. "The war has caused serious losses to Swedish shipping, particularly of tonnage leased to the United Nations. The blockade of our overseas trade has seriously affected

our food situation, while maintenance of our military preparedness during the past four years has entailed a heavy drain on our country's finances. It is clear that Sweden's ability to render assistance to the war-stricken countries will depend to a great extent on what imports it can get during the post-war period. Similarly, Sweden's exports of steel, machine tools, and other metal products will depend on its imports of coal, coke, scrap iron, and certain iron and steel products such as beams and ship plates, as well as other forms of structural iron, and also metal alloys, various types of machinery, etc.

"The problem of food exports is a special one," declared Mr. Wigforss. "During the war, Sweden has been compelled to ration her own supplies very strictly. Unless our own food situation improves, we can hardly be expected to be able to keep up a permanent export of any substantial quantities of food. Emergency deliveries, intended as first-aid after the cessation of hostilities, have to be planned in consultation with representatives of countries requiring relief and in cooperation with international relief organizations. But even now it can be stated that delivery of food without compensation will be made."

THE PRESS GREETED THE GOVERNMENT's plan with full approval. *Stockholms-Tidningen* said: "Nobody wants to shirk this self-evident duty. While there cannot be any let-up in the defense preparations, extensive planning for immediate post-war action is necessary." *Dagens Nyheter* pointed out that the initial appropriation of 100,000,000 kronor represented not even an approximate figure, being but a token of Sweden's willingness to make considerable advances in behalf of its neighbors even if partly without return.

Discussing the plan, the *Manchester Guardian* wrote: "In making this proposal the Swedish Government suggests that the Scandinavian countries, Norway, Finland,

and Denmark, shall be the first to benefit. Sweden thus becomes the first of the neutral states in Europe to start practical measures for post-war rehabilitation. Its action will be welcomed by the United Nations for its political as well as its material implications. In the latter respect, the prospect of Swedish help for the Northern countries will at once amount to a major factor in the planning for a reorganization of the Scandinavian region." The *Yorkshire Post* said: "It is believed that this is the first instance of a neutral power not only declaring its willingness to contribute to post-war relief but of also taking steps to implement its willingness. In a sense this seems to have been meant as a kind of thank-offering because Sweden has so far been spared the devastation of war. But it also has wider significance. It is evidence that the Swedish Government understands that the ravages of war cannot be made good within any reasonable time unless these enormous tasks are undertaken in a spirit of large-minded cooperation. It is intended that the Swedish relief activities shall be shaped in consultation with the countries in need of assistance and in contact with international relief organizations. There lies the most hopeful aspect of the Swedish proposal, for though free supplies of certain goods will be of the greatest value in overcoming the immediate wounds left by the war, it is the free cooperation and liberal exchange of goods that will do the most good in the long run."

UNDER THE AUSPICES of the Swedish Red Cross, 5,175 totally disabled prisoners of war were exchanged between Britain and Germany at the port of Gothenburg. Among the vessels used was the Swedish American liner *Drottningholm*, which sailed October 19 for a British port with 1,362 former soldiers on board. The other two vessels used were the *Empress of Russia*, carrying about 2,200, and the *Atlantis*, which took 777, of whom 17 were Americans. In return, 842 disabled

Germans were brought to Gothenburg from a port in Scotland and left the Swedish coastal city for Germany in two German vessels. Although the returning Allied war prisoners were unfit for further military duty, they seemed happy and cheerful when they arrived at Trelleborg on the train ferry from Germany. There they met Swedish Y.M.C.A. secretaries who had worked in German prison camps. In Gothenburg, both British and German prisoners improvised their own orchestras. The *Empress of Russia* was the last to leave, its band playing the Swedish national anthem as it was warped from the pier. All the British ships were visited by Crown Princess Louise of Sweden. As she disembarked from the *Drottningholm*, the British military attaché in Sweden, Colonel Sutton Pratt, proposed a cheer for her and her younger brother, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten. In charge of all the transfer arrangements in Sweden was Count Folke Bernadotte.

A SWEDISH PASSENGER PLANE, known as the *Gripen*, and flying from Great Britain to Stockholm, was attacked a short distance off Sweden's west coast about half past ten in the evening of October 22 and was so badly damaged that it crashed in flames. Ten passengers, including an American clergyman, the Rev. T. C. Hume of New York and California, as well as three members of the crew, including the chief pilot, Captain Henrik Schollin, were killed. One member of the crew and one passenger were saved. The attacker was in all probability a German Junkers 88 war plane.

In addition to Mr. Hume, the passengers lost were two Russian women, Mesdames Taradina and Ymyshkova, the wives of the Russian Naval Attachés in Stockholm, each with two children who were also killed; a Swedish sea captain, Per A. Möller, former commander of the *Hjälparen*; Douglas Gouldner, a British insurance expert, and a middle-aged Swed-

ish woman, Miss H. Björkman. The crew members who were lost, beside Captain Schollin, were the second pilot, Lieutenant Ove Darin, and the radio operator, Bo S. Holmbäck. Those saved were the plane's mechanic, Stig Grupp, and a passenger, Elon Olsson, a motor mechanic who had previously served on the *Gripsholm*.

Mr. Olsson related for *Svenska Dagbladet* that the plane was attacked at a height of about 6,000 meters. The pilot tried to escape by making two quick dives, but the pursuing plane kept up the attack for about ten minutes, firing steadily. One of the wings of the *Gripen* caught fire, and yet the plane almost made a safe landing on the water. Then the gasoline tanks exploded and the plane crashed against some rocks off the Bohuslän coast. The two men saved were riding in the rear of the plane and were thrown clear of the wreckage. They had stood ready to launch a collapsible boat of rubber. All the others apparently were killed instantly.

The press demanded vigorous investigation and government action of a positive nature. Since the air traffic has been carried on without the consent of Germany, some papers proposed the establishment of safe-conduct traffic in the air similar to the ship traffic at sea. The alternative would be the stoppage of all German civilian courier traffic over Swedish territory. Another Swedish plane, the *Gladan*, was lost on August 27 with seven on board while en route from Britain to Sweden. It was probably shot down by a German plane. Awaiting a more satisfactory arrangement, the mail and passenger traffic with Great Britain was suspended. The German air attaché in Stockholm on October 26 apologized in behalf of his government to the Swedish Aéro-transport Company for the attack on *Gripen*, which he said was due to a mistake. The Swedish Foreign Office announced that the matter will be taken up in Berlin through regular diplomatic channels.

According to press reports, the official

spokesmen at Berlin called the Swedish air traffic with Great Britain "surprising and irresponsible." They particularly condemned flying without lights through areas in which fights between British and German planes are likely to occur. On the other hand, a representative of the Swedish Aérotransport Company told the *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* that the Germans had been officially notified of the traffic and that the planes had no lights because there had been no regular safe-conducts granted. The paper therefore called the German expressions of surprise merely cynical. "After the fishing boat incident, which caused similar German complaints afterwards," it added, "the German government ought to understand that the Swedes are not inclined to treat lightly such attacks in violation of international rules."

THE NOBEL PRIZES FOR 1943 will not be distributed. The Swedish government in October announced the decision to postpone the award. This step was regretted by several Stockholm newspapers. It was rumored that the Swedish Academy, which selects the winners of the literary prize, and the Caroline Institute, which has charge of the medical awards, were in favor of the postponement, while the Academy of Science, which decides on the prizes in chemistry and physics, was opposed.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT informed the Swedish Government on October 28 that, due to military dispositions in the Skagerrak, it was unable "at present" to continue to grant safe-conduct to the so-called "Gothenburg traffic." From the inauguration of the traffic, in December 1940, up to the middle of October 1943, 140 vessels had arrived safely in Gothenburg. The latest arrival was reported on October 14. These vessels have carried to Sweden various kinds of foodstuffs, besides hides, oil cake, fuel oil, and other products of vital importance to the country's economic life and national defense.

At the end of September three tankers arrived with about 45,000 tons of fuel oil. According to the latest figures available, 20 safe-conduct vessels arrived in Sweden during the first half of 1943 carrying 149,000 tons of cargo. During the same period 18 ships left Sweden, carrying 73,500 tons of cargo, mainly pulp, newsprint, and other forest products.

The German decision to withdraw the safe-conduct for Swedish cargo ships from overseas to Gothenburg and vice versa caused no surprise in Sweden. When the safe-conduct traffic was resumed in May 1943, after a four-month interruption, it was known that Germany would continue to grant safe-conduct only if the two Norwegian ships, *Lionel* and *Dicto*, which have been tied up in Gothenburg harbor since April 1940, did not try to escape. The British authorities were able to promise that no such attempt would be made until the middle of October. On October 30 it was confirmed from Berlin that the reason why Germany refused to give safe-conduct to Swedish ships was the presence of the two Norwegian vessels in Gothenburg, which might at any moment try to make a dash for England.

A SPECIAL ANGLO-AMERICAN week was opened at Uppsala University on October 12, in the presence of all the Swedish professors of English. The first lecture was given by Professor Johnny Roosval, who has lectured on art at various American universities, including Princeton, his subject being, "Thomas Jefferson, American President and Architect." Another speaker was Herschel Johnson, United States Minister to Sweden. Professor Bodvar Liljegren related that he had received a letter from the president of the Carnegie Foundation in New York, giving his full support to the plan for a permanent American institute at Uppsala University.

THE TRANSPORTATION OF GERMAN OIL on the railroads of Sweden has been discontinued as of October 1. The decision

of the Government was commended in the press. Thus the *Stockholms-Tidningen* wrote: "The Swedish list of war materials do not include oil. Neither does the international list, which is in general less stringent than the Swedish. Nevertheless, it is obvious that oil has become an important item in modern warfare, and it is no secret that the Swedish Government has wanted for some time to discontinue the transport of German oil through Sweden. But since the oil was not on the official list of war supplies, an agreement was required. And now that the Government has taken a realistic rather than a legalistic attitude, it can be assured that it will receive the full approval of public opinion."

THE FOOD SITUATION in Sweden during the coming winter will not be worse than during the two preceding ones, a member of the Government Food Commission, Åke Hovgard, stated on September 30 at an agricultural meeting in Stockholm. The quality of the bread flour will be poorer, however, and the supply of livestock fodder has been reduced. This is partly due to the poor hay crop and partly to the increase in the number of animals. The number of head of cattle has increased by 200,000 of which 5,000 are cows, and that of pigs by 130,000. The domestic production of edible fats has been helped materially, Mr. Hovgard said, by the increased cultivation of oleaginous plants. For this purpose 30,000 hectares of land (84,100 acres) was used this year.

SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

Norwegian Relief

The negotiations carried on by the directors of Norwegian Relief have at last borne fruit, and the organization has obtained a license from the Treasury Department to send \$12,000 a month abroad. The arrangement began in August and, at this writing, has been continued for three months. It is hoped that the amount may be increased in the near future. The money is sent to a cooperating committee in Sweden and is applied to the feeding of Norwegian children administered by the Swedes. The last report stated that 77,000 Norwegian children were getting meals in this way.

Norwegian Relief has also been able to send supplies of absolutely essential medicines to Norway. They are being carried by Swedish ships.

Among the Colleges and Universities

Upsala College in East Orange, New Jersey, has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Though the student body is no longer exclusively Swedish, the college, under the presidency of Dr. Evald B. Lawson, is carrying on in the spirit of the Augustana founding fathers. At the Convocation, October 1, a greeting was brought by His Excellency Minister Wollmar F. Boström, and the main address was by Dr. William Mather Lewis, president of Lafayette College. On Sunday, October 3, an anniversary service was held out of doors on the campus, where Dr. Conrad Bergendoff, president of Augustana College preached. Among those who received honorary degrees at the Convocation were Mr. G. Hilmer Lundbeck and Dr. Bergendoff, both Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and Professor Adolph B. Benson, a member of the Foundation's Committee on Publications.

At the homecoming at Luther College,



Decorah, Iowa, October 14, the tin box, which had originally been placed in the cornerstone and had been taken from the ruins of the burned main building, was opened. It was found to contain an account of the cornerstone-laying which took place June 30, 1864, besides a Norwegian Bible and Catechism, and Norwegian pioneer newspapers telling of the beginnings of the college.

The University of Wisconsin has been made one of the chief centers of the Language and Area courses given as part of the Army Specialized Training Program. One of the languages taught is Norwegian, under the direction of Professor Einar Haugen and several assistants. The nine months' course is supposed to give the students sufficient command of the language to speak it, besides acquiring a general knowledge of the country.

Professor Julius E. Olson, professor emeritus of Scandinavian in the University of Wisconsin, celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on November 9. Many old students will remember the enthusiasm which he imparted to them as he opened what was to many at that time a new world—that of Northern literature and music.

Books for Denmark

A committee, warmly endorsed by His Excellency Minister Henrik de Kauffmann, has been formed to purchase books for Denmark's learned institutions. Ever since the days of Bishop Absalon, says the announcement of the committee, Danish scholars have studied abroad, and down through the centuries Danish libraries have purchased foreign books. The occupation rudely interrupted that activity. Peace will find the country impoverished, and it will be difficult without outside aid to purchase all the publications that have been missed since 1940.

The purpose of the committee is to fill this gap, to collect money to buy and present to the University and other institutions the new books in the fields of the

natural sciences, medicine, technical advance, and humanistic scholarship. Not only books but scholarly and technical magazines will be purchased. For the latter, the committee is cooperating with the American Library Association, which has made out a list of periodicals that ought to be included. All purchases will be made through the Library Association, and the material will be stored in the library of the Yale School of Medicine until such time as it can be sent to Denmark.

The members of the committee are Mr. J. Christian Bay, of the John Crerar Library in Chicago, Dr. Harald Ingholt, of the Department of Classics at Yale University, and Mr. Knud Engelsted. Contributions should be sent to "Books for the Colleges of Denmark," Mr. Knud Engelsted, Riverside, Connecticut.

Institute to Bear Hektoen's Name

Dr. Ludvig Hektoen was honored by his colleagues on his eightieth birthday, July 2, when two connecting buildings in Cook County Hospital in Chicago were dedicated and named The Hektoen Institute of Medical Research. In responding to the speeches for him, Dr. Hektoen mentioned that when he came to Cook County Hospital fifty-six years ago, the hospital possessed one microscope. He has been connected with the institution ever since and has watched it grow. Dr. Hektoen is a pathologist of national fame and a specialist in the study of cancer. He was born in Wisconsin of Norwegian parents and graduated from Luther College in Decorah, Iowa.

Leif Ericson Day

The observance of October 9 as Leif Ericson Day has now been made official in six States: Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, South Dakota, Washington, and Colorado. North Dakota has a Discovery Day. The movement emanated originally from Wisconsin, where it was initiated by Rasmus B. Anderson, first professor of Scandinavian, and Wisconsin is the center of



Minister Boström and Elmer Davis at the Pre-audition of the Swedish-American Exchange Radio Program in Washington, September 17

a Leif Ericson Memorial Association which, under the presidency of Mr. C. E. Hoen, has been active in promoting the cult of the Norse discoverer.

Other States, too, honor Leif Ericson Day. Norwegians in Brooklyn never let October 9 pass without some observance. This year the celebration in the Seamen's Church launched the National War Fund drive of the Norwegian group. The speakers were Madame Sigrid Undset and Mr. Henry G. Leach.

Swedish and American Radio Programs

The Overseas Branch of the Office of War Information initiated a series of Swedish-American exchange radio programs with a pre-audition in Washington

September 17. The American series in the exchange programs began with a message from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the Swedish with an address by Prince Vilhelm.

The records which the United States is sending to Sweden fall in two groups. The first is designed to promote a broader knowledge of English. The second consists of dramatized stories of life in the United States.

The Swedish records include music by famous choirs and soloists; interviews with Swedish personalities such as the runner Gunder Hägg, and the motion picture director Victor Sjöström; talks with government and labor officials and members of the armed forces, and a visit to a Lapp camp.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

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Trustees' Meeting

The autumn meeting of the Trustees of the Foundation was held at the Harvard Club on Saturday, November 6. Guests of the Board included His Excellency Henrik de Kauffmann, Minister of Denmark, Consul General Martin Kastengren of Sweden, Dr. Nabor Hedin of the American-Swedish News Exchange, and Mr. Herman T. Asche, President of the New York Chapter. In reviewing recent activities the President mentioned particularly the honorary sponsorship by the Foundation of the collection of books for Danish institutions of learning under the direction of our former Fellow, Dr. Harald Ingholt, and, jointly with the American Federation of Arts, of the national tour of paintings by the late Nils Dardel, which opened on October 31 at the American-Swedish Historical Museum in Philadelphia.

The Board expressed its sorrow at the death of the following: Baron Gerard de Geer, eminent Swedish geologist, loyal friend of the Foundation for more than thirty years; Eric H. Frisell, distinguished Swedish-American engineer, for many years President of our California Chapter; Johan Ludvig Mowinckel, three times Prime Minister of Norway, a Life

Associate of the Foundation and for many years a fellowship donor to Norway-America Fund; Frederick P. Keppel, formerly President of the Carnegie Corporation, which has sponsored Fellows jointly with the Foundation; and our Trustee Charles S. Peterson.

Charles S. Peterson

Charles S. Peterson was elected a Life Trustee of the American-Scandinavian Foundation January 19, 1918. He served the Foundation in an advisory capacity in many ways. He was host to its students and lecturers. He contributed generously to its publications and privately aided authors, musicians, and artists who interpreted the cultural traditions of Sweden, his native land. In 1913 he helped to produce a record attendance at the exhibition of Scandinavian art shown at the Art Institute of Chicago by the Foundation and in 1920 organized and took to Sweden under Foundation patronage a choir of ninety-three Chicago singers and an exhibition of paintings by American artists of Swedish descent.

Mr. Peterson was born in Daglösen, Sweden, August 29, 1873. A printer by trade, he became president of two of the largest printing companies of Chicago.



Charles S. Peterson

In public life he served as member of the Board of Education and the Board of County Commissioners, as city treasurer, and city comptroller. He was the promoter and vice president of the Chicago World's Fair 1933-34.

In the death of Mr. Peterson, September 7, 1943, America has lost an able interpreter of our Swedish heritage and a practical idealist devoted to art and education.

Trustee Elected

Dr. Conrad Bergendoff, President of Augustana College, was elected a Trustee of the Foundation to succeed the late Charles S. Peterson. Dr. Bergendoff, who graduated from Augustana College in 1915 and continued his studies at various universities in the United States and abroad, has been President of Augustana since 1935. He is the author of outstanding books on religious subjects and has contributed occasional articles to the REVIEW.

Fellows and Junior Scholars

Dr. Ewert Åberg, Fellow from Sweden, is working on a research project at the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Field Station at Sacaton, Arizona.

Mr. Axel Ekwall, Fellow from Sweden, returned home in September. During his stay in the United States Mr. Ekwall studied the pulp and paper industry and visited many organizations in his field in various parts of the country.

Mr. Ragnar Johannesson, Honorary Fellow from Iceland, graduated in July from Bryant College, Providence, Rhode Island.

Mr. Stefan Juliusson, Honorary Fellow from Iceland, sailed for Reykjavik in September. Mr. Juliusson studied education at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and took his B.A. degree from Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

Mr. Hilmar Kristjonsson, Honorary Fellow from Iceland, who has been assisting the United States Fish and Wildlife Service in an investigation of the Alaska fisheries this summer, will resume his studies at the University of California, Berkeley. Mrs. Hilmar Kristjonsson, formerly Miss Anna Olaf, Junior Scholar from Iceland, is also studying at the University of California.

Dr. Sven Liljeblad, Fellow from Sweden for the study of ethnology, is teaching in the Army Language and Area program at Indiana University.

Miss Augusta J. Magnuss, Honorary Fellow from Iceland for the study of public health at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, has enlisted in the Army Nurse Corps and is now stationed at the Stark General Hospital, Charleston, South Carolina.

Mr. Johannes Newton, Junior Scholar from Iceland, graduated in mechanical engineering from the Johns Hopkins University in October and is continuing his studies with the North American Aviation Company in Los Angeles.

Mr. Thordur Reykdal, Junior Scholar from Iceland, left for home in September.

Mr. Reykdal studied mechanical engineering at the Universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Mr. Lars Rooth, Honorary Fellow from Sweden, who studied at the Amos Tuck School, Dartmouth College, and has recently been employed in the New York office of the Swedish Riksbank, departed for England in July.

Mr. Thorvaldur Thorarinsson, Honorary Fellow from Iceland, and Mrs. Thorarinsson returned to Iceland in September. For the past year Mr. Thorarinsson has been studying government and international relations at Cornell and Harvard Universities, and in New York and Washington, D.C., on a fellowship from the Social Science Research Council.

Icelandic Students Arrive

Three Icelandic students arrived recently in New York from Reykjavik: Mr. Daniel Jonasson, Junior Scholar, to study business administration in the United States; Mr. Einar Thorkelsson, Honorary Fellow, to study tailoring at the Central High School of Needle Trades, New York; and Miss Sigridur Valgeirsdottir, Junior Scholar, to study physical education at the University of California, Berkeley.

Former Fellows

Mr. Thorhallur Asgeirsson, former Fellow from Iceland, was married on October 3 to Miss Lilly Knudsen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sverre Knudsen of Brooklyn, N.Y. Mr. Asgeirsson is attaché at the Legation of Iceland, Washington, D.C.

Dr. Sune Bergström, Fellow from Sweden 1940-42, has embodied the results of his research in biochemistry at Columbia University and the Squibb Institute in a doctoral dissertation for the Caroline Medical Institute, Stockholm, "On the oxidation of cholesterol and other unsaturated sterols in colloidal aqueous solution by molecular oxygen."

Dr. Helge Kökeritz, former Fellow

from Sweden, is teaching a course in Swedish at Harvard University.

Mr. Vilhelm Slomann, Fellow from Denmark in 1912-14 and since 1923 Director of the Danish Museum of Decorative Arts, is reported to have escaped recently to Sweden.

Professor Herbert Tingsten, Fellow from Sweden in 1925-26 and Zorn Fellow in 1939-40, has recently published a study of federated states entitled *Samtidens förbundsstater* in which he reviews particularly the experience of the Union of South Africa, but points also to the example of Switzerland and the United States, and cites, as a warning, the German Reich, in which both federation and democracy were lost.

Dardel Memorial Exhibition

An exhibition of the works of the Swedish artist Nils Dardel, who died suddenly in New York, was opened at the American Swedish Historical Museum in Philadelphia, October 31. Speeches were made by Mr. Hugo Wistrand representing the Swedish Legation, Mr. Thomas C. Parker, head of the American Federation of Arts, and Mr. Henry G. Leach, president of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The exhibition, which was seen in New York before the death of the artist, includes studies in oil and water color of American Indian types. It is to tour the country under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation and the American Federation of Arts.

Death of Two Associates

Mr. Carl Edvard Johansson, Life Associate of the Foundation since 1924, died recently at his home in Eskilstuna, Sweden, at the age of seventy-nine. Mr. Johansson was the inventor of the Johansson precision gauge, widely used in the manufacture of automobiles. According to the American Society of Swedish engineers, which awarded him the John Ericsson medal in New York in 1932, this gauge is so precise that it can measure one 250,-



"Last night at Cambridge, at Longfellow's, where there was a mad-cap fiddler, Ole Bull, who played most wonderfully on his instrument, and charmed me still more by his oddities and character. Quite a figure for a book."

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The Life of

OLE BULL

By MORTIMER SMITH

This is the first full-length biography in English of the Norwegian violinist and patriot. Mr. Smith skillfully evokes the master violinist who played in the gilded opera houses of Europe and conquered America, and who was rated by contemporary critics as second only to Paganini. Here, too, are Ole Bull's picturesque adventures as an entrepreneur, including his ill-fated attempt to establish a Norwegian colony in the mountains of western Pennsylvania.

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000,000th of an inch and enable scientists to split a human hair into 12,000 parts.

This year the Foundation lost its oldest Associate. Mr. Fredrik L. Holmquist died on April 5, 1943, in his 103rd year. Mr. Holmquist was born in Sweden. He became an Associate of the Foundation in 1926 and a Sustaining Associate in 1940. His daughter, Miss Karoline Holmquist, art expert and founder of the famous Holmquist School for Girls at New Hope, Pennsylvania, died on July 1. Her sister Miss Louise Holmquist continues as Director of the school.

N.Y. Chapter Members Honored

Mr. Holger Lundbergh, Vice President of the New York Chapter, and Mr. Alex J. Pagel, Chairman of the American-Swedish News Exchange, were honored recently by the Swedish government. Mr. Pagel received the Order of the North Star and Mr. Lundbergh the Order of Vasa. The decorations were presented by Minister Wollmar F. Boström at a tea given by Mr. Nils R. Johaneson, Trustee of the Foundation, and Mrs. Johaneson at the Waldorf-Astoria on October 21.

American-Scandinavian Forum

Mr. Llewellyn Jones addressed the American-Scandinavian Forum (Cambridge Chapter) on October 29 at the Phillips Brooks House, Harvard University. As his subject, Mr. Jones took Fredrik Böök's *The Rich and the Poor Sweden*. The guest artist was Miss Anna Jansen, pianist.

Augustana Chapter

Christina Nilsson's centennial was celebrated by the Augustana Chapter at the opening meeting of the fall season October 20. Dr. E. E. Ryden addressed the group on the life of the "Songbird of the North," and at appropriate points in the address Mrs. Knut E. Erickson sang various favorite melodies of Miss Nilsson. Mrs. Hjalmar Fryxell played a violin solo.

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Chicago Chapter

The Chicago Chapter held its opening meeting this season on October 14, in the Woodrow Wilson Meeting Room of the International Relations Center. Almost two hundred members and guests heard Dr. Arni Helgason, Consul of Iceland, speak on "Iceland Today." Consul Helgason illustrated his lecture with colored motion pictures which he had taken on his last trip to Iceland. Hostesses in charge of the tea preceding the lecture were: Mrs. Louis M. Anderson, Mrs. Gustav Andreen, Mrs. Paul Moore, and Mrs. Woodruff Parker. Pouring tea were Mrs. Arthur Louis Anderson, Mrs. Hugo Dalmar, Mrs. John Hovland and Mrs. Henry B. Vanzwoll.

At the short annual business meeting conducted before the program, the following officers were elected for the coming year: Mr. Hugo Anderson, President; Dr. Franklin Scott, Vice President; and Mrs. Helen Nelson Englund, Secretary and Treasurer. In addition to the Execu-

tive Committee, the following Directors were elected for one year: Mr. Albert I. Appleton, Miss Florence Bartlett, Mr. Elmer A. Forsberg, Mr. Peter Jensen, Miss Burneice Larson, Mr. Peter L. Nelson, Mr. Jens Paasche, and Mr. Arne Williamson. Honorary members of the Board of Directors are Consul General Reimund Baumann of Denmark, Consul Arni Helgason of Iceland, Consul Sigurd Maseng of Norway, and Consul General Gösta Oldenburg of Sweden.

On October 27 the Chapter gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Oscar Thorsing, Chief of the Swedish Press Bureau.

Dana College Chapter

The Dana College Chapter launched its work for the current school year with a meeting in the Ladies Dormitory Reception Room on Friday, September 24. Mrs. Elna Nielsen Melvin of Washington, D.C., was guest speaker. The following officers were elected: Dr. H. F. Swansen, President; Mr. Ronald Jensen, Vice

President; Miss Mildred Romer, Secretary; and Mr. Curtis Jorth, Treasurer.

New York Chapter

The New York Chapter opened its season with a social evening at the Park Lane Hotel on October 15. Mr. Per G. Stensland, former Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, sang Scandinavian and American folksongs to the accompaniment of his guitar. He included also a few songs by modern poets which are in the process of becoming folksongs and explained how a poem with a wide popular appeal, such as Dan Andersson's "Jungman Jansson," may gradually take its place in the folk literature. Mr. Stensland's program was both entertaining and instructive.

SWEDISH EDUCATIONAL FILMS

To the Swedish Travel Information Bureau's series of 16 mm. Educational Films on Sweden have recently been added two new subjects, described as follows:

Sweden's Wartime Adjustment. One reel, 10 minutes. This film deals with the different methods whereby Sweden seeks to develop substitutes for scarce materials in order to minimize the disturbance to the economy and the daily life of the nation.

A Day with the King. Two reels, 20 minutes. An interesting and intimate picture of the daily life of King Gustaf V of Sweden, showing the King in his study, entertaining members of his family, on the tennis court, at a meeting with his cabinet ministers, and at formal functions and reviews.

These new films are available in sound or silent English language versions, as is the case with most of the previous six black and white and three color films distributed by the Bureau. Transportation costs and a nominal rental fee to cover repairs and replacements are charged to the borrowers.

Further particulars and folders describing the films may be obtained from Swedish Travel Information Bureau, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

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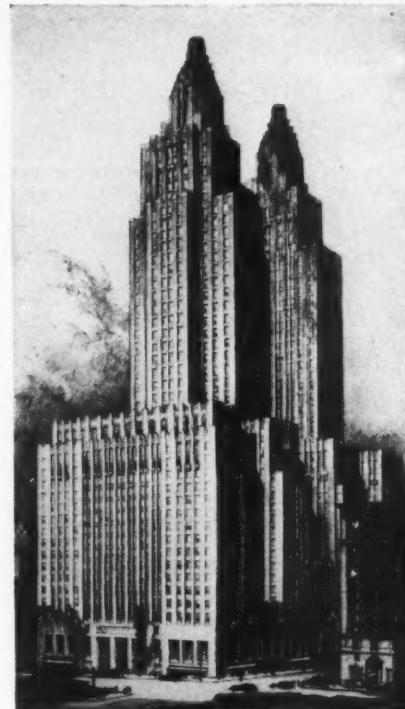
The Life of Ole Bull. By Mortimer Smith. Illustrated. Princeton University Press. For The American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1943. Price \$3.00.

The Life of Ole Bull by Mortimer Smith is not only a brilliant biography of a romantic and almost legendary character, but it is a highly entertaining book. It is a book that anyone—musician or layman—will enjoy, for the style is clear and lively and the material is presented in such a simple, natural way that the biography reads as easily as a story. Yet, happily, it is not a fictional tale. Facts, anecdotes, and reprints of news comments are, on the contrary, assembled in the most objective and unprejudiced manner. As the author says, he does not eulogize his hero; he has let the words and actions of Ole Bull speak for themselves.

Ole Bull was one of the giants, one of those God-given, unfathomable spirits that appear now and then from the most unexpected backgrounds to conquer the world. They appear, spellbinding and magnetic, and the world is theirs. Some are artists, others generals or politicians. Ole Bull happened to be a violinist, but he was one of the chosen few. He beckoned, and the crowds followed. When he played on his fiddle, those who heard him wept or rejoiced, according to his mood, or swooned, like the ladies of literary Boston. When he spoke, he wrung their hearts. Yet his musical foundation was practically nil and no one had taught him oratory.

Ole Bull was born in Bergen in 1810 and was, according to Mr. Smith, a typical "Per-genser," that is full of life, easily aroused to enthusiasm. His father was a chemist, which in those days meant that he belonged to the higher bourgeoisie. Ole Bull was a high-strung, sensitive child, exceedingly handsome, and, from the first, impatient of restraint, but as magnetic as he was wilful. He "had a way with him" which invariably won people over. His first music lessons were given to him by his Uncle Jens at the age of three and from that time on the violin became his passion. He played on it and practised incessantly, interesting himself in every phase of playing, but having very little patience with theoretical study. For this reason, although he became the greatest virtuoso of the violin—as great in that respect as Paganini—he lacked the solid musical foundation which would have made him an equally great musician.

All this Mr. Smith points out, but at the same time he makes one feel the impact of that magnificent personality which won the acclaim and affection of the crowned heads of Europe, the friendship of musicians and writers on the Continent and in America, and the



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adoration of the masses. His love of people and his desire to please was amazing; he was tireless in his playing, always ready to give encores or make speeches. He rose to any occasion. He hardly ever changed his repertory, which consisted mainly of the simple music which appeals to the emotions, but he affected all classes of people. Thackeray, Longfellow, Emerson fell under his spell, and the ladies of Boston, including Margaret Fuller, almost fainted with rapture at his concerts. The extracts from letters written to Ole Bull by adoring ladies make very amusing reading.

Ole Bull's appeal to simple people was equally great; when he travelled on horseback and in covered wagons to give concerts in the Western wilds, the miners and ranchers stamped and stormed with delight. He had an instinctive flair for the dramatic and spectacular, as when, with a flourish, he pinned the cluster of diamonds given him by the Duke of Devonshire to the tip of his bow, or when, at the suggestion of the King of Sweden, he went to Egypt and played his famous composition, "Sæterjentens Söndag" on top of the Cheops Pyramid. Those who know the haunting strain of loneliness and beauty in this tune can well imagine that the Arabs in the desert, hearing it over the endless sands, raised their arms calling "Allah, Allah."

But while Ole Bull loved the adulation and acclaim of the masses, he was always ready to recognize talent in others. In fact his generosity in this respect is only explained by his genuine interest in people and his desire to be loved. He advanced the fame of great singers, like Malibran and Patti. He was one of the first to discover and second the genius of Ibsen and Björnson and Grieg. Incidentally, his flashing career and spectacular adventures are said to have inspired Ibsen in the portrayal of Peer Gynt.

Ole Bull's hatred of restraint was another form of his love of liberty. He was opposed to all tyranny, and for that reason loved America as a second homeland because of the freedom found here. Norway at that time was united with Sweden, and this thought was abhorrent to him, although he was personally on excellent terms with the King of Sweden. His passion was liberty, and at one time this feeling took shape in his plan of bringing Norwegian peasants to this country to form a free colony which he called Oleana. This venture was doomed to ultimate failure, but it shows one of the facets of Ole Bull's personality. He was a great patriot, a staunch upholder of everything Norwegian. He was the founder of the Bergen Theater, the first really national stage in Norway, and was always a great speaker at national gatherings.

Ole Bull was married twice—the first time to a Frenchwoman, Félicie Alexandrine Villemainot, who led a more or less lonely existence in France and in Norway, being left behind with her children while her brilliant husband toured the world. The second time, at the age of sixty, he married an American girl of twenty, from Madison, Wisconsin, Sara Thorp. This marriage was not as unhappy as one

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might think it would be, considering the age of the partners, for Sara settled in Boston where she had a literary and musical salon, spending summers abroad, usually on the beautiful island Lysöen—Island of Light, as Ole Bull called it—which he had bought near Bergen. Here he had built a house to suit his dreams, with an immense music room with windows looking out over his beloved Norwegian fjord, and it was here that he died in 1880. His body was carried in state on a special steamer to Bergen, followed by innumerable ships and boats forming an immense cortege, while the cannon boomed. As Norway's great son was laid to rest, Björnstjerne Björnson spoke the words of farewell, while Edvard Grieg placed a wreath on the grave of his lifelong friend.

CATHERINE G. SPARROW

Home Front Memo. By Carl Sandburg. *Harcourt, Brace.* 1943. Price \$3.00.

Warm as firelight, forgoing as snow, keen as flint, and roaring like a storm across the Western plains—all this, and much more, is Sandburg in his latest volume. He is skeptical of parts of the slick surface of life in these United States, he has misgivings because some people are apt to mistake liberty for license and forget that democracy is not store-bought but has to be earned by discipline and sacrifice. But his heavy scowl clears, and he surveys the shining land around him with gratitude and satisfaction—a good land; good men, now gone, have helped to make it so; he sees hope and high purpose, too, in many who today stand their tricks at the wheel or keep watch from the crow's nest. The surface often enrages him, never fools him; he knows the sound ring of stone and steel beneath. The people, yes.

The book is a collection of newspaper pieces in prose and poetry, slivers of lectures, breaths of radio talks. They span three years, during which Sandburg unhurriedly, searchingly, becomes more and more strongly convinced that the views he has always held in his heart are the right ones. For they are plain as a plank, and as understandable, but deep, too, as water under the roots of big trees.

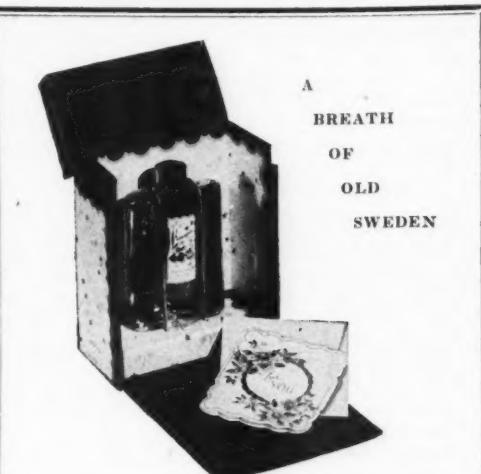
He talks of many things and persons and situations and his talk packs the old golden magic that never changes, that lifts and rolls, alternatingly soft as green buds and searing as an acetylene torch, when indignation makes him flame.

A text book, a guide post, a strong, steady light in days when the winds of conflict blow from every quarter.

HOLGER LUNDBERGH

Torpedo 8. The Attack and Vengeance of Swede Larsen Bomber Squadron. By Ira Wolfert. *Houghton Mifflin.* 1943. Price \$2.00.

Packed within a narrow frame, a seasoned and artistic newspaper correspondent has given us an unforgettable account of one of the most heroic aerial epics of this war. It is a story of such tremendous dramatic impact, of such tall exploits and fantastic display of courage, as



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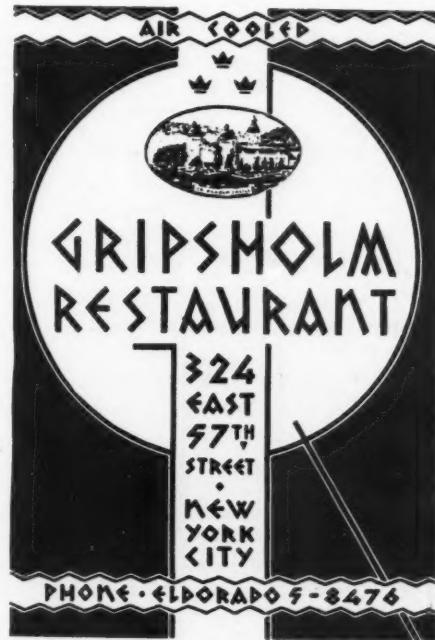
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to appear at times almost incredible, were it not for the fact that we know that such bravery and devotion to duty is shown every minute of the day and night, though mostly it remains unrecorded. But this is also—and primarily—a story of vengeance, of coldly calculated revenge, systematically and successfully meted out.

When the Japs attacked Midway, United States Navy Torpedo Squadron 8, led by a tall Scandinavian son of Nebraska, Lieutenant Harold H. Larsen, was completely wiped out in a few minutes. Its planes were blasted and wrecked. Forty-two men were killed; only three came out alive. With two Midway veterans, plus remnants of the outfit which had not been engaged on the island, and some additional "replacements," the Squadron went into the Battle of the Solomons. At Midway their slogan had been "Attack." Eight days later Swede Larsen changed it to "Attack—and Vengeance."

How this vengeance was exacted forms the main body of the book. In three months, these clear-eyed, tight-lipped young American sharp-shooting hawks carried out thirty-nine attack missions. They were credited with two carriers and also hit a battleship, five heavy cruisers, four light cruisers, one destroyer and one transport. Many thousands of Japs were killed.

Aside from the leader, we also meet and become closely acquainted with the other men of the Squadron—all kindly, gay, shy youngsters, transformed almost over night into immortal heroes. But it is Swede Larsen we remember best and longest—his modesty, the tender care he shows his men, his fantastic skill at the plane controls, and the precision and purpose of his hate of the enemy.

H. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The article "Pontoppidan of Denmark" by Hanna Astrup Larsen, which appeared in the September number of the REVIEW, was already printed when news of Pontoppidan's death was received here. The press dispatch stated merely that Henrik Pontoppidan, Danish author and winner of the Nobel Prize in literature in 1917, died August 21 in his home near Charlottenlund, Denmark, at the age of eighty-six.

Publishers' Weekly for October 23 makes the following announcement: "The Shoemaker's Son—*The Life of Hans Christian Andersen*, by Constance Buel Burnett, published by Random House, has been withdrawn from publication and sale because of Miss Signe Toksvig's claim that Mrs. Burnett's book constitutes an alleged plagiarism of her previously published book *The Life of Hans Christian Andersen*.

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Of THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW, published quarterly at Princeton, New Jersey, for December 1943.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hanna Astrup Larsen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The American-Scandinavian Foundation, 116 East 64th St., New York; Editor, Hanna Astrup Larsen, 116 East 64th St., New York; Managing Editor, Hanna Astrup Larsen, 116 East 64th St., New York; Business Manager, Henry Goddard Leach, 116 East 64th St., New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The American-Scandinavian Foundation, 116 East 64th St., New York; Henry Goddard Leach, President-Secretary, 116 East 64th St., New York; Hans Christian Sonne, Treasurer, 96 Wall St., New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN
(Signature of editor)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of October, 1943.

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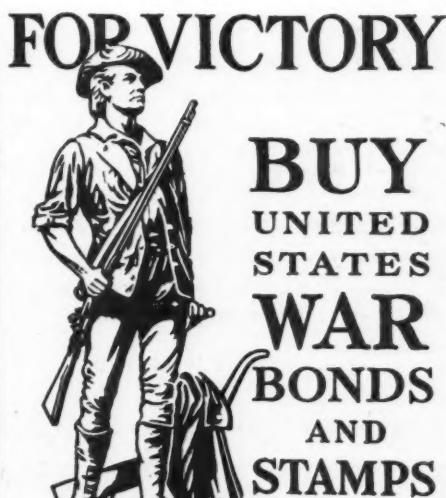
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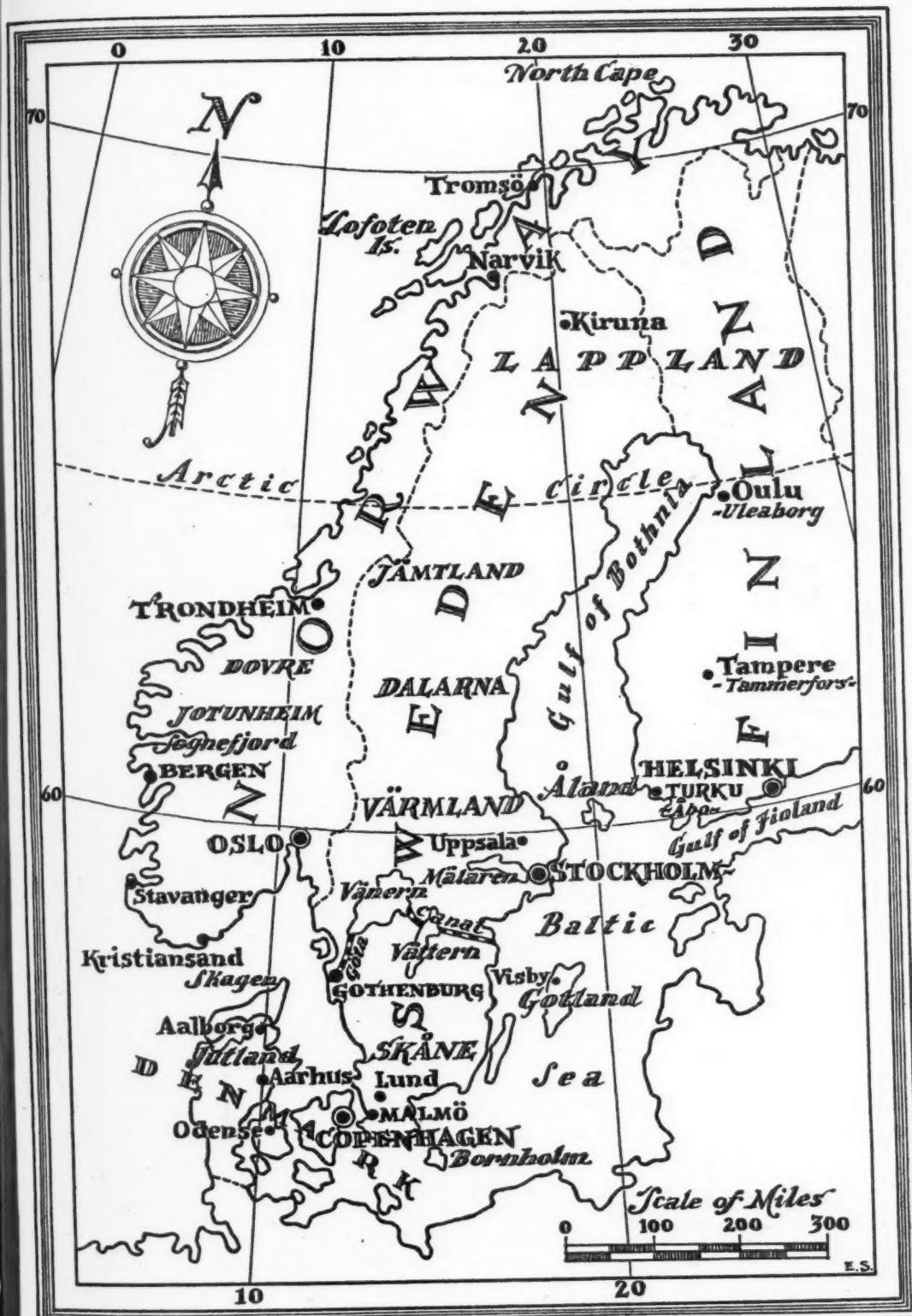
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